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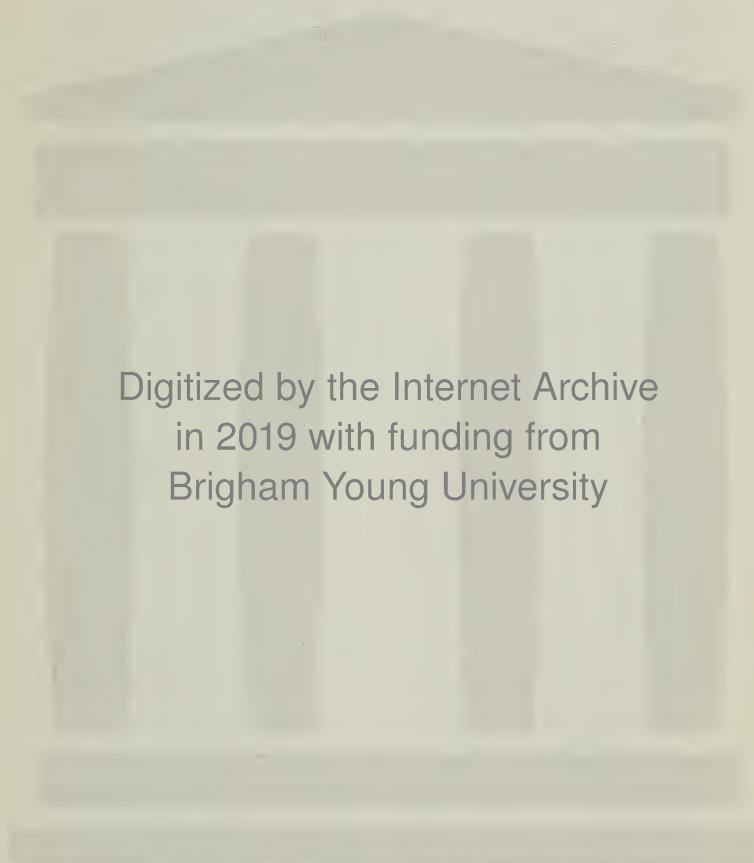


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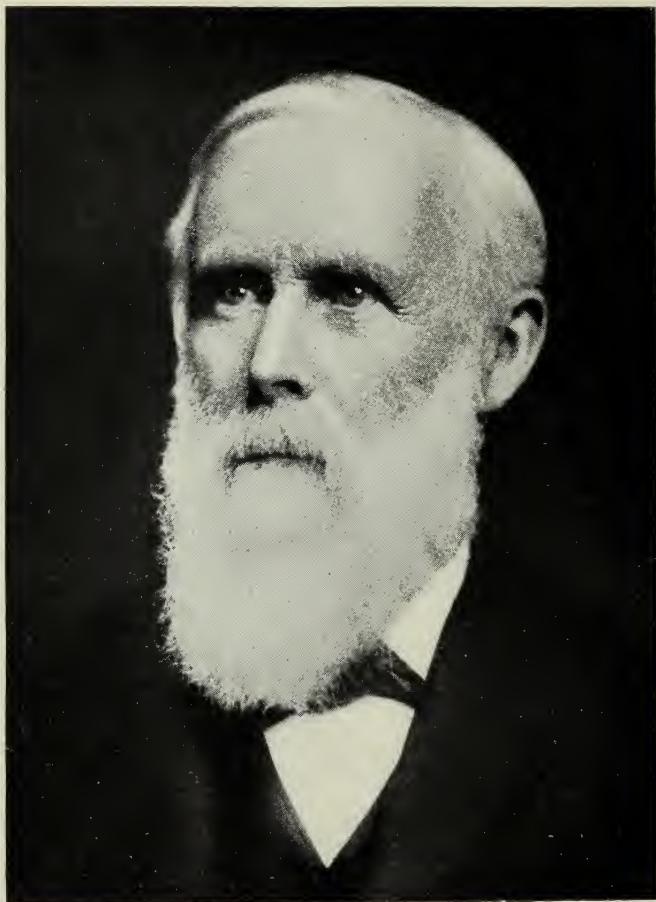
John & Agnes Denison - ^{Seas}
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PRESENTED BY
MRS. NANNIE O. SMITH DODGE



D. C. L. D. S.

In Memory of

COLONEL D. C. DODGE



BY HIS DEVOTED WIFE

NANNIE O. SMITH DODGE

COLONEL DODGE AT VARIOUS TIMES HELD THE
FOLLOWING POSITIONS:

VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE DENVER AND RIO
GRANDE RAILWAY.
VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE RIO GRANDE
WESTERN RAILWAY.
VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE MEXICAN NATION-
AL RAILWAY.
PRESIDENT DENVER-STEAMBOAT CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.
DIRECTOR OF THE DENVER UNION WATER COMPANY.
MEMBER OF DENVER SCHOOL BOARD, DISTRICT NO. 1.
CHARTER MEMBER OF THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY (BOSTON).
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.
MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS.
LIFE MEMBER OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA.
MEMBER OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.
MEMBER OF THE LUTHER BURBANK SOCIETY.
TRUSTEE OF UNITY CHURCH (DENVER).
TRUSTEE OF ILIFF SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.
DIRECTOR OF GERMAN NATIONAL BANK.
DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.
DIRECTOR OF SEVENTEENTH STREET BUILDING ASSOCIATION.
DIRECTOR OF MOFFAT COAL COMPANY.
DIRECTOR OF OAK HILLS COAL COMPANY.
CITY CLERK OF DENVER.
CHARTER MEMBER OF DENVER CLUB.
DIRECTOR OF PLEASANT VALLEY COAL COMPANY (UTAH).
DIRECTOR OF SUNNYSIDE COAL COMPANY (UTAH).
DIRECTOR OF UTAH FUEL COMPANY.

CHAPTER I

OREFATHERS' day, November 22, 1875, was a typical Colorado day. The New Englanders of Denver were planning for the evening, as a real New England dinner was to be given at the American House, then one of the largest hotels in Denver.

The early evening was pleasant and I found myself, with my escort, in the parlors, but was quite a stranger, as I had been in Denver less than two months.

As I left Massachusetts when two years old, I think I have not much of the reserve and indifference which characterize the people who spend many years in New England, yet one is a little diffident among perfect strangers.

I was a teacher in Denver High School, but had met almost no one in town, so I stood alone watching the men and women, most of them much older than I. I was introduced to no one and felt rather lonely. After a time two couples came to speak to me. I think they were a little sorry for me. The ladies were Mrs. D. C. Dodge, a very pretty woman, and Mrs. R. W. Woodbury. Behind them were their husbands, D. C. Dodge, tall, dignified, with long beard, kind blue eyes and hair just beginning to turn gray, and R. W. Woodbury, with fine black eyes and a courtly bearing.

The ladies introduced themselves to me, saying they had sons in school who liked me, so they wished to know me. Then they introduced their husbands, Colonel Dodge of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and General Woodbury, of the *Denver Times*. All were kind and cordial, though the two gentlemen had little to say to me. Neither was a great talker, as I afterward learned, but both were friendly and made me feel they wished to know me.

We had our dinner, with the usual after-dinner speeches, so it was midnight when we left the tables.

When we started to go home we were told that it was snowing, one of Colorado's blinding snows, and the cabmen positively refused to try to drive in the storm, so until about 2 a. m. all were obliged to wait for the storm to subside. We gathered in groups and I again met Colonel and Mrs. Dodge, and Superintendent and Mrs. Aaron Gove, whom I had known before coming to Denver. General and Mrs. Woodbury joined our group. We passed the waiting hours as pleasantly as we could under the circumstances. The three men were excellent friends and I remember being much interested in their stories and jokes. This was the first time I ever saw David Child Dodge, and I saw little of him for several years afterward, though I often heard of his work.

The storm abated between 2 and 3 a. m. Four people were put into each cab and we were driven through very deep snow, to our homes.

I was boarding at 23rd and Curtis streets, and it seemed a long ride.

As this was my introduction into the social life of Denver, I have always had a kindly feeling for Colonel and Mrs. Dodge and General and Mrs. Woodbury, who did all that was possible to make the evening a pleasant one for me.

CHAPTER II

FTER about two years I went to board in the Dodge home. The family consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Dodge. Their only son was East at school. Colonel Dodge was obliged to be away from home much, as he was the general manager of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway and the company was pushing construction as rapidly as possible.

When in Denver Colonel Dodge spent as much time at home as was possible, but was obliged to spend many evenings at his office. His motto was: "Never bring business home," and he lived up to it. As soon as he came into the house at noon he would say: "We have a few minutes before dinner, let's have a game of back-gammon, Ma" (he always called Mrs. Dodge "Ma"), and the two would play until dinner was served. Then Colonel Dodge returned at once to the office and stayed until supper time.

He was always an early riser and wished every meal on the minute—breakfast 7:30, dinner 12:30, supper 6:00.

Hardly an idle moment was spent at home. He read all the technical as well as literary and financial magazines, and was always thoroughly posted on every subject.

I was busy from early until late with my school work, but it was easy to feel the atmosphere of culture, kindness and love in the Dodge household.

I boarded in the Dodge home from the Fall of 1877 to the Spring of 1881.

Colonel Dodge always liked a joke, and though he did not talk much, servants who were in the house still remember his jokes and his uniform kindness.

He had a reserved, almost distant manner, and was not easily approached, either by those in his home or the employes in his office or on the railroad. A look from him was enough to show his disapproval, and when things went very wrong his blue eyes became steely-blue. He seldom commended anyone. His kindly eyes told the story when he was pleased.

He was a typical New Englander. He had been brought up in a home where children were never commended, and he followed the old New England undemonstrative way to the end. Notwithstanding this, his servants and employes not only respected but loved him, and even a few years before his spirit left this world I can remember that when we traveled from Denver to Ogden, as he often got out and walked back and forth at a station where the engine had to take on water, an engineer or fireman who had worked with him years before, on seeing the long, white beard and recognizing the man, would get down from his cab, put out his black, greasy hand, and the two would shake hands heartily and stand and talk in the most friendly way. When the train started again I would sometimes say: "Did you know that man?" and he would reply: "I know his face; he is one of the old boys and I was glad to see him, but I don't know his name."

CHAPTER III

 I knew Colonel Dodge only after he was a man, I can tell little of the early part of his life, yet a few things he told and I remember. He had four sisters and one brother, all older than he, but even though he was "the baby" in a large family, he was not spoiled in any way. He was brought up under the old rule that "a child should be seen, not heard."

When three years old he went to the country school which his oldest sister, Mary, taught. In the afternoon he often became sleepy and Mary let him lie down on one of the wooden benches and take a nap.

Years later, when someone said to his mother, in his presence, that he did fine work in mathematics, his Puritan mother quickly responded: "I should think he might; he began when he was three years old." There were no compliments given children in those days.

He went to Lawrence Academy in Groton, Massachusetts, when he was older. Sometimes he walked the long distance and sometimes he was able to take a train which ran between Ayer Junction and Groton. When the weather was too bad he spent the night with his cousins, sons of Chas. Woolley, who lived in Groton. One of the recollections of these days is that they played often in the attic, with a large figure which is supposed to have been the figurehead of the historical ship *Constitution*. This figurehead disappeared in some way, though the Historical Society of Massachusetts has tried in vain to locate it.

The Dodge house on the farm at Shirley was the regulation New England house. David and his brother, Charles, who was thirteen years older, slept in the "back chamber." Houses were not very well built in that day and the snow

often sifted in onto their bed. As in all other houses, bedrooms were not heated.

Charles was fond of going to the country dances. David was too young to go and was sent to bed early. When Charles came home he had a way of pushing David out of the warm place he had made, and taking it himself.

The Dodges were Unitarians, and Levi Dodge, the father, took David with him to the morning service on Sunday. He did not change his habits easily, and though the rest of the congregation had ceased to stand through the long prayer, Levi Dodge always stood and insisted that David should stand with him. David said it seemed to him that the minister would never reach the Amen.

CHAPTER IV



MARY DODGE married Milo Smith in 1847, and they made their home in Elgin, Illinois. When their baby boy was eleven months old Mary Dodge Smith returned to Shirley to visit her parents. After her visit she started back West with her baby and her younger sister, Eliza. At that time the journey had to be made partly by the Great Lakes. The little party were on the ill-fated steamer *Atlantic*, which encountered a severe storm on Lake Erie and was wrecked. A few of the passengers were saved, but the Dodge party were all lost and only their names on the marble monument in the cemetery at Groton, Massachusetts, tell of the awful tragedy. Though so undemonstrative, none of the Dodges could speak of this loss, all their lives, without quivering lips and eyes filled with tears.

Milo Smith had taken a great fancy to David Dodge, and had told him that he would find work for him if he ever wished to go West.

During the school years in Groton Governor Boutwell was a resident of the town. He seemed to have a liking for boys, never passed them without a pleasant word, and could call the names of many of them.

The Governor's personality greatly impressed David, and he seemed to be the boy's ideal man. He said that he always wished to be like Governor Boutwell, when he was a man, even though the Dodge family belonged to the opposite political party. The impression a strong, good man makes upon a growing boy often helps the boy through his whole life.

Boys in the early days in New England had no spending money. When David was about fifteen he noticed a big

pile of hop-poles at a neighbor's, and he knew these must be stripped. He went to the neighbor and asked if he might do the work. A bargain was made, but no mention of this was made at home. The next day David began stripping hop-poles for twenty-five cents a day. He worked with a will, playing "hookey" from school. On the third day his father happened to pass the place, saw him at work, and at once called to him. He told him if he were tired of school and wanted to work he could give him plenty of work on the farm; of course work at home brought no pay.

In the New England family of that day the children had good care, good food, good training. Obedience was absolute, but there was no petting or spoiling of the children, no special dish was prepared for any child. The rule was: "Eat what is set before you." If a child did not eat no remark was ever made. Supper was always a simple meal. I remember Colonel Dodge telling of his sister, Caroline, once coming to the dining room door at supper time and looking to see what was served. She said: "Bread and butter, apple sauce and tea, cheese extra. No, thank you." No remark was made when she did not sit down to supper.

CHAPTER V



HANKSGIVING Day was the great day in New England. All sorts of good things were served. Always a roast turkey, vegetables, chicken pie, several kinds of pie—pumpkin, apple, mince—and a cracker pudding with raisins. The children were usually satisfied before the pudding was served. David said he and some of the other children took the plate of pudding, and left the table, putting the pudding into a special place in the pantry, so they might get it later. Of course, when they ate it, they ate it cold. I got the recipe for this pudding after we were married, and served it occasionally. My husband liked the pudding, but when we had it for dinner he usually remarked that he liked it better cold, so I always had a plate of it, cold, for his supper. Habit is strong! I know many of the characteristics of a New England family, from my own experience, as the same New England way of bringing up children was practiced in our home in Illinois. The Puritans had their faults, no doubt, yet the obedience, promptness, regular duties for each child, little thought of anything but comfort in the clothing we had, the good books we were given to read, not very light reading, all these and many other methods used in the Dodge home and in my own, have been a help to me all my life. Their family and my own were all strong and well. The Dodge family have all gone to the Better Land, my husband being the last to go. Of those who were not in the terrible shipwreck, three lived to pass the three-score-years and ten, and the other went at sixty-six, so the training did not injure the health. Plenty of work, the out-of-doors, the simple, wholesome food, the very few amusements, seemed to make strong men and women.

CHAPTER VI



HEN David was fifteen years and three months old he decided he wished to come West. Charles thought the boy foolish, and had very little faith in his ability to make a living; so before he left Charles said to him: "You will probably be out of money soon. If so, send to me and I'll loan you what you need."

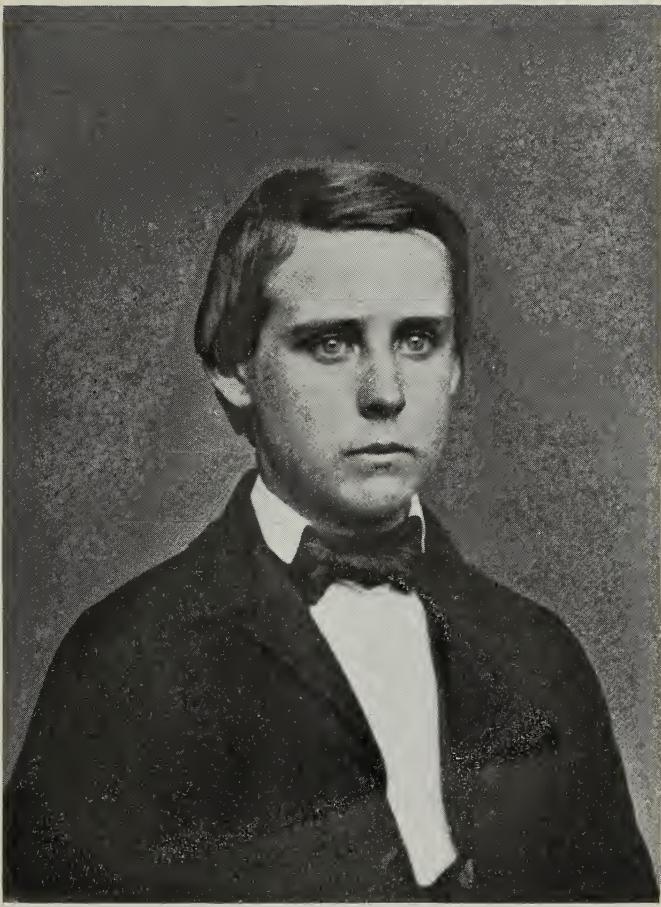
This rather put David on his mettle, but as usual, he said nothing. After a few months in the surveying work, he wrote back to his brother:

"DEAR CHARLES: You see I have not sent to you for money. If you would like to borrow any, I can loan you some.

DAVID."

As the boy of the surveying party, David's work was to drive the stakes and carry the chain. He soon noticed that the civil engineer busied himself every evening with figures, after they had found a place to stay in a small hotel or farm house. David soon began to sit by him and watch his work. In a short time he had come to understand what the engineer was doing, so took paper and pencil to see if he could do the work. It was not long before he could finish the work in a shorter time than the engineer.

One evening the party were all smoking, and the room was not large. David had once tried to smoke but it had made him sick and he saw no reason for trying it again. He was much younger than the rest of the party. He soon realized that there was an attempt being made to "smoke him out." His chair was near a window which had a broken pane of glass; he tipped the chair back onto its hind legs and then his face was near the hole in the



AT FIFTEEN

glass, so he got fresh air enough to keep him from being sick. The air in the room was blue with smoke but the boy sat quietly and did not let anyone know that he was aware of what they were trying to do. The attempt was never repeated, and though he was all his life associated with those who smoked, and was often offered a cigar, he politely refused and never smoked in his long life. He was, in fact, most temperate and regular in all his habits.

Milo Smith had given him the place in the surveying party and had told David to come to his house whenever he was in Elgin. As the years passed he was often a guest in Mr. Smith's home. He had the greatest admiration and affection for Mr. Smith as long as he lived. Milo Smith had remarried and a niece of Mrs. Smith's, Emily K. Oatman, made her home with the Smiths. There David Dodge saw her often and fell in love with her. She was a beautiful girl with dark, fine eyes and rosy cheeks. The two were about the same age. They became engaged, went to New York and were married at the home of her uncle, Doctor Oatman. His home was at that time not far above Wall street. The wedding was on November 15, 1859.

Mr. Dodge took his bride to Shirley for a short visit. He had not been home before since leaving in 1853.

CHAPTER VII



VEN before his marriage Mr. Dodge was occupied in building a railroad west from Clinton, Iowa. With his bride he returned to Clinton and they made that their home for several years. For a time he was agent for the road in Clinton. There was a very severe tornado in Camanche, Iowa, and Mr. Dodge's work called him to the scene of the tornado. All the wonderful things of which we have heard with regard to cyclones happened during this tornado. Everyone knows that miraculous things are a part of these terrible storms. Mr. Dodge came back to Clinton and related some of the things he had seen. An elderly gentleman was in his office at the time. Though he made no remark it was easy to see he was rather skeptical about the stories told. A short time afterward this gentleman went to Camanche, and on his return to Clinton took occasion to go to Mr. Dodge's office. He said: "Young man, when you told that story about the tornado, I thought you the biggest liar I had ever met. I want to tell you now that I have seen the strange pranks which nature played, and you did not tell the half. I beg your pardon."

I am not sure whether the following little rhyme was written with regard to the Camanche tornado, but I found two copies of it among my husband's papers after he was gone. It is the kind of rhyme he always enjoyed:

THE MAN IN THE HOLE

There was a man in our town
Who rushed along the street,
When suddenly he felt the world
Recede beneath his feet.

A teamster had delivered coal
And then pursued his way—
He left the manhole open, so
There was the deuce to pay.

The man who hurried never saw
The yawning hole ahead;
He made some bitter comments as
He disappeared, 'tis said.

Now comes the moral of the tale:
A cyclone from the West
Came down the street, as cyclones do,
And never stopped to rest.

The coal man and his team were first
Tied into forty knots,
And then distributed in chunks
O'er fifty vacant lots.

The street was ripped from end to end
And split up through the middle—
Not one who walked in it was left
To dance or play the fiddle.

But he who hadn't seen the hole,
And so had fallen through,
Came out, when all was over, just
About as good as new.

Keep back the things that thou woulds't say
When Fate seems harsh with thee;
It may turn out the other way,
So wait awhile and see.

—CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD.

CHAPTER VIII

 SON was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dodge in 1861. During the war Milo Smith enlisted and was soon made colonel of a regiment. Later David Dodge was sent to Chattanooga to check up the commissary at that place. As he got near Chattanooga he found the Southern troops had torn up the railroad track for some distance. He had valuable papers for General Thomas, and decided he must deliver them. In 1909, while on a trip to the South, we visited Chattanooga and from Lookout mountain he pointed out to me the place he had gone on foot, getting through the Confederate lines at night. He was some time in the commissary department in Chattanooga, and he saw much of General Thomas. He always felt that the people of the North did not give General Thomas due credit for his splendid work. As the General was a Virginian by birth, Northerners were inclined to be rather suspicious of him. Colonel Dodge found him a man of remarkable ability, one whose integrity and loyalty ought never to have been questioned.

When the checking up work was finished General Thomas asked Colonel Dodge to open a bakery for the troops. The latter said he knew nothing about the bakery business, but the General insisted that he and he only could do this work. Finally Colonel Dodge told the General that if he would give him all the bakers in his regiment he would see what he could do. The General did so, and for several months a large number of rations were turned out of this bakery each day.

One morning a baker made some fine breakfast rolls and Colonel Dodge sent a plate of them to General Thomas. The General thanked him and asked how much he owed the bakery for them.

At another time quite a number of barrels of apples were condemned. With his New England idea of thrift he opened the barrels and saw that there were a few good apples in the condemned consignment. "The boys" had considerable spare time and fruit was very scarce, so Colonel Dodge told them he thought they could find enough good apples to pay for their trouble if they picked over the apples. "The boys" gladly went to work and got about one barrel of good apples from the whole consignment. Colonel Dodge took some of the best of them, wiped and polished them, and sent a large plateful to General Thomas. Again the General sent his thanks and wished to know what the bill was. Often a very small deed shows the character of the man.

CHAPTER IX



FTER leaving Chattanooga Colonel Dodge was sent to Memphis and given a position in the Quartermaster's Department. He was quartered with General Washburn in a fine old Southern residence. While there General Forrest and his men made a raid on Memphis, hoping to take the two generals, Washburn and one other. Colonel Dodge was awakened by shots. He slipped into the bathroom and opened the door wide, standing behind the door, close to the tub. The Southern troops searched the whole house, going into every room except one, which was locked and occupied by an old German doctor. Fourteen clerks were taken prisoners, but Colonel Dodge's hiding place was not discovered. He heard the men leave after firing began at the fort. Both generals were out that night, so neither was taken prisoner. When it was light Colonel Dodge dressed and went downstairs, cautiously. He found the body of their guard lying on the front doorstep and aroused the old doctor, who had been covered with so many feather-beds he had heard nothing. All but he and Colonel Dodge were sent to Andersonville prison. It was a narrow escape. Colonel Dodge never liked Memphis.

CHAPTER X



AFTER the close of the war he returned to Clinton, Iowa, and at once resumed his railroad work, but was soon sent to Denver by Col. Milo Smith, to check up a grocery business in which Colonel Smith was interested. This was in 1865 and, of course, the journey was made by coach. He crossed the plains several times in a coach between 1865 and 1870.

When he had finished the work Colonel Smith had sent him to do, he was again given a position by the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, though the terminus of that road was a long way from Denver. In a talk which he gave the March before his passing and in sketches from newspapers, the history of his railroad work is told better than I can tell it. It is a part of Colorado's history.

Mrs. Dodge and their little boy soon joined the Colonel, coming across the plains in a wagon, in company with Gov. A. C. Hunt and his family.

For a time the Dodge family lived on Lawrence street, then on Curtis, and in 1870 they moved into their home at Lincoln and 17th avenues. This was a long way "up-town," but was considered one of the fine residences of Denver.

In 1868 a daughter was born to them, little Mary. She was the pride of their hearts, and though she was very small, the Colonel was never happier than when he had the baby in his arms. Her delight was to put her tiny fingers into his long beard, and pull his whiskers, and he was as pleased as she was. The little life lasted only from June till December, and then it went out. It left a sad household.

After beginning work on the Denver and Rio Grande Colonel Dodge was obliged to be away from home much of the time, yet he was really a home lover and nothing meant more to him than his home, as long as he lived.

The construction of the road was continued as rapidly as possible. In 1877 the road was completed over Dump mountain between La Veta and Ft. Garland.

This was considered a remarkable piece of engineering. In June, Unity church of Denver had an excursion over the road. I was of the party. We went to La Veta the first day, and spent the night in an old Mexican adobe hotel. The next morning we started up the mountain. Colonel and Mrs. Dodge invited me to ride with them on the pilot. It was my first ride of that kind. The track was very new, and as we climbed Dump mountain the curves seemed exceedingly short, and the precipice on one side, very deep. I remember that I had the feeling, at each curve, that we should surely find a cow on the track when we rounded the point. The Colonel remarked on the beautiful views and seemed perfectly at ease, but I own I had a rather uneasy ride and was glad when we reached Ft. Garland. We had no accident, however, and though the experience was rather trying, I was greatly interested. The excursion party returned to Denver full of enthusiasm.

As I write of Unity church, I am reminded of a story, which the Colonel often told and laughed over.

He was a trustee of Unity church when the small frame church building was erected on the corner of 17th and California streets.

With his love for building he was much interested in the progress of the work. He passed the corner every morning on his way from his home to his office.

One morning, as he was watching the work, an old friend, who belonged to a very orthodox church, stopped and said to him: "Colonel, will you tell me your creed? I don't know much about the Unitarian belief."

The Colonel replied: "My creed is to behave myself seven days every week."

His friend said: "Oh! Good Lord, that's too much for me; I can hardly behave myself one day a week!"

The Colonel always thought it a pretty good joke.

CHAPTER XI



HESE were very busy years for Colonel Dodge. What with construction, washouts, landslides and all the troubles which come on a newly constructed road in the mountains, he was constantly going from one place to another, supervising whatever work was required. Financial matters were also most trying, and the Denver and Rio Grande passed out of the Palmer management in 1883, though the officers were still retained until near 1884. Feeling among the employes was at fever heat. Then Colonel Dodge, J. A. McMurtrie and B. F. Woodward were dismissed in a most humiliating way. Colonel Dodge was on his way back from Utah. At one of the smallest stations, a telegram dismissing him was sent him. This meant that every telegraph operator on the road received the message. He had resigned and the resignation was to take effect a few days later. As the train came toward Denver, at each station his old men who had been loyal to him always, crowded about his car and said they were ready to stop work at once if he would but say the word. In his calm, quiet way he said: "No, boys, go on with your work. I have done nothing wrong. I wish you to remain at work." The Lovejoy administration was a failure. Many said Mr. Lovejoy had been sent here simply to wreck the road. The Rio Grande Western was still controlled by the Palmer-Dodge people. This road extended from Grand Junction to Ogden and was later built to all the Utah mining camps.

CHAPTER XII

ENERAL PALMER and Mr. George Foster Peabody were interested in the Mexican National Railroad. They made Colonel Dodge second vice president and general manager of that road, though he still kept the position on the Rio Grande Western road.

In 1885 Colonel Dodge went to Mexico to build the link from San Miguel north to San Luis Potosi. For three years he was in charge of both the Mexican National and the Rio Grande Western. This made it necessary for him to take the long trip from Utah and Colorado to Mexico many times.

On arriving in Mexico, the Colonel, as had always been his custom, wished to go on horseback over the country through which the road was to be built. He spoke no Spanish and knew almost nothing of the country, nor of the ways of the people. With Mr. Morcom, his freight agent, who had been in Mexico some time, he started on horseback from San Miguel, having come from the City of Mexico by train. There was little but cactus of various varieties to be seen. Mr. Morcom had said they would reach villages, so they would be able to find food on the way. The two rode on and on and finally the Colonel said: "Morcom, where are your villages? I'm getting hungry." Morcom looked in all directions, and finally said: "Well, Colonel, I'll have to own I'm lost, but the only thing for us to do is to keep riding." So on they went through dust and cactus, with a hot sun overhead. Finally they came to a cross road and there, crouched in Mexican fashion on the ground, was an old Mexican woman with a little charcoal fire and a pot hanging over it. Morcom called out in joy: "Here, Colonel, is the place for us to have dinner." The two dismounted and

Morcom asked the woman to let them have some of the soup in the pot. She produced two earthen bowls and gave each a bowl of soup. When that was finished each asked for a second bowlful, and ate it. They paid the old woman her price, three centavos a bowl, and went on their way. The Colonel asked what the soup was made of. Morcom said: "I don't know; it may be made of cats or dogs." But the Colonel said: "It makes no difference. It tasted good to me and I feel better." Colonel Dodge remained in Mexico until the link was completed and the branch past Lake Patzcuaro to Uruapan was built.

He greatly admired President Diaz, but the Mexican manana, the slow way of postponing everything, was often trying. He said he learned patience in Mexico, as he found it utterly useless to push anything or try to hurry. He returned to the States to remain in 1888.

CHAPTER XIII

HE broad-gauging of the Rio Grande Western was soon begun, and the old pile bridges were replaced by fine steel bridges. Colonel Dodge said Wall street did not approve of him, as he always wished to put so much money back into the road in order to keep it in excellent condition.

The labor question had begun to cause more or less trouble. Three agitators were dismissed and a committee from the Labor Union sent East for Mr. Arthur, who was at that time at the head of the Union, to come West and arrange matters. Arthur, Colonel Dodge, and the committee had a long conference in Colonel Dodge's office. Many points were discussed and many demands granted the men. When the matter of reinstating the three discharged men was brought up, Colonel Dodge said positively, *No*, he could not grant that. The committee went into the outer office and the Colonel and Arthur talked over the matter frankly. Before they had finished the committee sent in a note which read: "We know why these men were dismissed. We do not *wish* them reinstated." Then Arthur called the committee into the Colonel's office and said: "Boys, never send for me again. If you think you have a grievance Colonel Dodge will meet a committee at any time. He understands the situation better than I do, and you may be sure you will be fairly treated."

The last seven years Colonel Dodge was general manager of the Rio Grande Western he had no trouble with unions. Union and non-union men worked side by side. If there was a grievance a committee was sent directly to Colonel Dodge. Whenever the men were right their request was granted. When it was not, Colonel Dodge explained to them wherein they were wrong and they went back satisfied. He never asked a subordinate to have any such meeting with the men, but always met the men himself. They saw he was just and were satisfied with his decisions.

CHAPTER XIV



COLONEL DODGE never gave up his home in Denver, even when he was obliged to spend much time in Mexico or Utah. In 1891 he began building their new home at 1173 Pennsylvania. He and Mrs. Dodge had similar tastes. They wanted the best of material in their home, and every convenience for themselves and their servants. Mrs. Dodge greatly enjoyed selecting furnishings for the home. Everything was in excellent taste, and of the best that could be found. All the silver, linen, draperies and rugs were of the very best. They moved into the house in November, 1892. Mrs. Dodge's health had not been good for many years, and she lived less than five years to enjoy her beautiful home. She passed to the Great Beyond January 2, 1897. She had made a happy home and done many kind deeds, both in her home and in the public institutions of Denver. She was especially interested in the founding and work of the Denver Orphans' Home.

CHAPTER XV



N 1896 Prince Michael Khilkoff was sent by the Russian government with several other Russian officials to study the railroads in the United States. Colonel Dodge had this group of men as guests on his private car as they came over the Rio Grande Western. Prince Khilkoff told the Colonel something of his history, how as a lad he had been sent with his tutor to America and had come as far West as the Missouri river. He returned to Russia, and in the '70s he quarreled with his family at the time the Czar freed the serfs, so with his young wife he came back to America and worked in several positions as mechanic, using an assumed name, John McGill.

He was for some time in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. He said to the Colonel: "I think I must have done my work pretty well, as I was sent to South America to do some work for the Baldwin people." After returning to the States he and his family became reconciled and he went back to Russia, after giving his real name and receiving a letter of recommendation from the Baldwin company.

He was soon made minister of ways and communications and placed in charge of the building of the Siberian railroad. I still have maps which he sent my husband while constructing that road.

CHAPTER XVI



OR several years Colonel Dodge had been half owner, with M. W. Howard, of the Denver Transit and Warehouse Company. The Company bought a farm near Ft. Logan and used it for breeding and caring for the draft horses used in the business. They built a good house on the place, a bunkhouse for the men, and sheds for the horses. Colonel Dodge said he always liked to build, even if it were only a chicken coop.

His work on the railroad always took the greater part of his time, yet he did many things besides, and was always interested in public affairs. He was a director of the Water Company for many years, and his advice was highly regarded.

Gov. Job A. Cooper appointed the Colonel with F. A. Keener and F. B. Crocker on the first Board of Public Works in Denver. There were no storm sewers in town and few of any kind at that time, and these three splendid, thorough men went to work at once to inform themselves as to the best and most lasting kind of sewers to build. It took time and patience, and, as is so often the case, some newspaper began severe criticisms on their methods.

During the Santa Fe fight and at many other times the Colonel had been criticized, but his theory always was: "If you are doing the right thing, and your conscience approves, pay no attention to criticism." The criticisms worried the other two men far more.

By this time Colonel Dodge's hair and long beard were snow white. He went on calmly about what he felt it was wise to do, never seemed to hurry or be at all troubled, yet the amount of work he accomplished in this quiet way was enormous. I never heard him say he was too busy to do any work required of him. Neither can I remember that he ever said he was very tired.

CHAPTER XVII



N JUNE, 1897, I left my work in East Denver High School on a leave of absence for a year. I went to Europe and made my headquarters in my old German home, Stuttgart, but traveled a good deal. I returned to the States in June, '98, and spent the summer with relatives. In August Colonel Dodge came to St. Louis, met me at my brother's home, and we became engaged to be married the following January. I resigned my position in East Denver High School at once and went to Mexico to visit a sister who had lived there several years. I returned in November, and after a month in St. Louis I went to my old home in Normal, Illinois, which was at that time owned by my older sister. Colonel Dodge was busy with his various duties and I did not see him from the two days we spent together in August, until he arrived in Normal, January 10, 1899.

I often told him laughingly, in later years, that I wondered he could find time to marry me. General Palmer telegraphed him from New York to meet him there January 11th, the day we had set for our wedding. Entirely contrary to his habit of years, he telegraphed the General that he could not be in New York until January 15th. We were married on the 11th and all my brothers and sisters, with wife or husband, were present. We left that same afternoon for Chicago, and were in New York on the 15th.

There was plenty of work awaiting the Colonel, and I did not see him from early morning till evening. He was not musical, and I have always greatly enjoyed music. He told me there were Wagner operas being given at the Metropolitan Opera House, and asked if I did not wish to hear them. I selected three and we went. I

knew the librettos well and had heard all the operas in Germany except one.

I was most careful to have him know the story well, and he really seemed to enjoy the opera the first evening. The following morning, in talking with General Palmer, the opera of the evening before was mentioned. The General remarked: "Did you go to a Wagner opera? I went to one in Bayreuth, but at the close of the first act I gave my ticket to a friend and took a walk through the woods." That was enough to dampen any interest I had been able to arouse in my husband, still we did go to the other two operas. I fear he did not enjoy them greatly, but he was kind enough not to say so. We were entertained by the General and his daughters, George Foster Peabody and Edw. M. Shepard, who had been attorney for the road for some time. They were all delightful people.

After about three busy weeks in New York we returned to Denver, in February. Of course the Colonel found plenty of work awaiting him, but his evenings were always spent with me, at home. He had become very fond of solitaire, and would sit at his small, round table, with the Little Lord Fauntleroy cards, and play while I read aloud to him.

Our evenings were most happy. He said he should have fallen asleep without the cards, but he was always interested in what I read.

Though so quiet and with so much of the stoic in his nature, I never knew anyone whose lips would quiver and eyes fill with tears so quickly when I read anything pathetic. He was especially fond of anything which pertained to Lincoln, and a story of Mark Twain's was always his delight, but he enjoyed any good book or periodical, and I think back on these happy evenings of almost twenty years with the greatest pleasure. Surely such companionship is the best there is in life!

CHAPTER XVIII



N HIS work he had able helpers. N. W. Sample was for years master mechanic at the shops. At that time the Westinghouse air-brake was a new invention. The Denver and Rio Grande railroad was one of the first roads to adopt it. Mr. Sample made several improvements in the brake, but Colonel Dodge wrote to Geo. Westinghouse and asked that an expert be sent to look after it. Mr. Westinghouse wrote back: "Your master mechanic, Sample, knows more about that brake than any man we have, let him go on experimenting with it."

After Colonel Dodge left the Denver and Rio Grande, Mr. Sample went to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and occupied a fine position there many years.

While general manager of the Rio Grande Western the Colonel spent about one week of each month in Salt Lake City. It was rather strange that the heads of the different departments disliked each other greatly. A. E. Welby, general superintendent; G. W. Kramer, superintendent of express; S. H. Babcock, traffic manager, would hardly speak to each other, yet were all devoted to their general manager. When I mentioned this once and said it must make it rather unpleasant for him, he said: "No, I don't mind it; they watch each other all the more closely, and each must do his work well or he will be criticized." I have never known anyone who looked at every matter in so philosophical a manner.

On one trip to Salt Lake City an appointment had been made for E. H. Harriman and the Colonel to meet. They met at Ogden, and from the car I saw them walk back and forth and talk at length. Harriman was a small, slender man, rather dark. The Colonel was six feet and weighed

about 190. His hair and whiskers were perfectly white. They were a contrast! Harriman was a Union Pacific man and the Colonel was a Denver and Rio Grande man. After a long time the Colonel returned to our car. He said little, but I gathered that the interview had been "steel cut steel"; neither had learned anything from the other. He did say this: "Harriman is shrewd, keen and able, but he doesn't tell any of his plans unless he wishes to." Though these two men always respected each other, they were never close friends.

CHAPTER XIX

R. M. W. HOWARD died about a year after we were married. For a time his two sons and the Colonel carried on the Denver Transit and Warehouse, Company, but it really gave him too much work, so a division of the property was made. The Howard heirs took the business, warehouses, horses, etc., and Colonel Dodge took the ranch near Ft. Logan and a dry ranch in Elbert county, which had been used in summer for grazing. It was some years, however, before he had time to give much thought to the ranch near Ft. Logan.

CHAPTER XX



HE Gould interests had purchased the Denver and Rio Grande. Geo. J. Gould asked the price of the Rio Grande Western several times, but always considered it too high. It was his ambition to own a railroad to the Western coast. In 1901 he again asked the price. General Palmer advised that they come down a million from the price last given the Goulds. Colonel Dodge said the road was in fine condition, making good money, and he thought it wiser to add a million to the price. As he told me the story he said: "Geo. Gould said, take it *now*. If we wait, they will go up another million. The road was sold in April, 1901, and the million which was added to the price was distributed among the employes of the road from the highest officer to the office boys, each according to his position, years of service, and efficiency.

In June Colonel Dodge went over the road with E. T. Jeffery and it was finally turned over to the Gould interests.

CHAPTER XXI



HEN the Colonel returned to Denver he said to me: "Now I'm free. If you want to take a trip to Europe we will go." He wrote at once to Mr. Peabody in New York, asking how soon we could get reservations. He got a reply by telegraph that we could sail July 24th. We had less than two weeks to prepare for our journey. Mr. Jeffery kindly had us take Car A, which had been Colonel Dodge's private car so long, and the old colored cook, Mohegan, and a young porter, took good care of us. The gifts to the employees were in the form of preferred stock, which was then at par. The Colonel sent for Mohegan and Lewis to come to our rooms at the Manhattan the day before we sailed. Mohegan did not know how old he was, but he remembered that as a boy he had waved a sort of brush over the table of the president to keep off the flies at a dinner, when Andrew Jackson was president.

The two came to our rooms and the Colonel handed Mohegan the letter with an order for \$1,000 worth of stock. The old fellow could not read. I said: "Read it to him, dear, he'd like to know what it is." But the Colonel said: "Oh, Lewis can read it to him." I insisted, as I knew the old colored man, who had been so devoted for many years, would like to have an opportunity of saying "Thank you," so I took the letter and read it aloud. Tears came into the old man's eyes and his voice broke, but he finally said: "Colonel, I can't thank you right, but this will pay off the mortgage on our house, and me and my old woman can be comfortable now." The good old man came to the steamer the next day and wiped his eyes as he saw it slowly leave the pier. He lived but a few years, but that money made those years comfortable.

CHAPTER XXII



HEN we got started on our voyage I asked where we were going. This was really the first vacation I had ever known Colonel Dodge to take, though he was nearly sixty-four years old. He said: "I only know we will land in Queenstown. I don't wish to make any further plans." I was satisfied. I said: "This is your vacation, your trip. Wherever you wish to go, I will go gladly. I have already been in Europe three times, but it's all new to you."

We landed in Queenstown and went at once to Cork, then the next day rode in a jaunting car to Blarney Castle. I did not kiss the Blarney stone, nor did the Colonel, but we found everything interesting, though the people of the South of Ireland are all poor. We took the trip around the Killarney lakes and enjoyed the wit of the coach drivers almost as much as we did the fine scenery.

The foreman who had built our house was an Irishman. He had given us a letter of introduction to his brother, who lived in a little place called Moyasta, near the West coast of Ireland. When we left Killarney the Colonel said he intended to present that letter and meet Patrick Costello. We had to go through a part of the country which is not usually visited by Americans, to Tralee and Listowel, where we saw the strange railroad which has but one rail, set on an A-shaped iron, and the cars and locomotive hang like saddlebags on each side. This greatly interested us. From Listowel we went by coach to Tarbert, where we took a boat on the river Shannon to Kilrush, then a train to Kilkee, a watering place. The hotels were really very poor, but the only complaint the Colonel made was that we never found a bed long enough for him to stretch out in. He was six feet in his stockings.

It was pouring rain when we reached Kilkee, and we had a hard time to find any kind of a hotel. We finally succeeded, however, and spent the night not very comfortably. The next morning it was still raining hard, but we took a jaunting car, and each with an umbrella, rode to Moyasta and found Patrick Costello and his little school. We made a short call, returned to Kilkee and took the next train to Limerick.

CHAPTER XXIII



HE whole of Ireland, which we visited, greatly interested us both. We crossed from Dublin to Holyhead, then went through the northern part of Wales and on to Liverpool. After a short stay we started for the English lake country. The weather was pleasant when we arrived at Lake Windermere and we reached Ambleside just at sunset. A gentle rain began in the evening, and when we awoke the next morning the rain was pouring down. The coaches did not leave the hotel and I had no idea we should leave, but soon my husband came to me and said: "I have a carriage waiting for us. Put on your things." The carriage was old, and though the windows were closed, the rain beat in. We went through the country of Wordsworth and his friends, in a pouring rain, trying to get a glimpse of Grasmere and the lovely lakes. When I mentioned it, the Colonel said: "I couldn't sit all day in a hotel and watch it rain. We will go on and get somewhere." He had traveled so much and so rapidly all his life that he had not the patience to wait for fair weather.

On, through the canals of Scotland, then to Dundee and Edinburgh, we went. The tremendous bridge over the Firth of Forth greatly interested him. He said he did not care for the castles, but he wanted to examine that bridge. He got several books and maps about it, and we drove under the approach to the bridge. He was all attention and understood every detail.

We went through England, Belgium, northern Germany, and from Berlin to St. Petersburg. We hoped we might find Prince Khilkoff there, but he was in Siberia and his son in the Caucasus. My husband found one of the men of the party whom he had entertained on the Rio Grande Western, and we found Russia most interesting, though we

visited only St. Petersburg and its surroundings, Moscow and Warsaw.

Our stays were short everywhere, but we went about so rapidly that we saw much. The Colonel was fond of pictures, but did not care to stay long in any gallery. Fortunately I had made quite a study of the galleries, except in Russia, which I had never before visited, and so was able to take him directly to the best pictures. We came on through Austria, southern Germany and Paris, sailing from Rotterdam.

We reached New York just in time for the election for mayor, when Edward M. Shepard ran against Seth Lowe and was defeated. Mr. Shepard was a warm friend, so we were interested in the election.

CHAPTER XXIV



E SOON returned to Denver and in 1902 Mr. Cheesman and Colonel Dodge began building the hotels now known as the Shirley-Savoy. The Colonel also began paying more attention to the ranch near Ft. Logan. His ambition was to make it a model dairy ranch. He built constantly. The silos which he built were some of the first in Colorado, and he had iron forms made and the silos built of concrete. One evening after he had been at the ranch all day, he was sitting at his small table, playing solitaire. I went and put my arm about his shoulders. His white hair was rather thin on the crown of his head, and I noticed a bad gash on his head. I asked him how he got it. He said: "I'm playing my game. It's nothing." And I could get no explanation of how the wound came. He simply sat still, said nothing, and continued his game. I went out and found our chauffeur, Oscar Billing, who was always with the Colonel at the ranch. I learned that one of the heavy iron forms had fallen, hitting the Colonel on the head, and knocking him down. Fortunately he had on a very thick woolen cap. Oscar had gone to him at once, helped him up, gotten water and washed the blood from the wound. He said the Colonel had made no remark about the accident. I watched the wound for a few days, but it healed nicely, so we never talked of it. This was characteristic of him. His health was really very good, but whenever he had any slight illness or accident he did not wish to have it mentioned.

A short time before his 70th birthday, Nov. 17, 1907, I had decided to get a fur-lined overcoat for him. I had three sent to the house in order that he might select the one he liked best. My good neighbor, Mary Byers Robinson, called the afternoon they were delivered, and while I

was showing them to her the Colonel came in. We showed him the coats and he said: "I don't want any of them. Send them all back." Mrs. Robinson helped me and said: "Oh, please, Colonel, just try them on and see how nice they are." I said: "This is my treat and I wish you to have the coat which you like best." He tried each one on, but said: "I don't want any of them." So the matter rested. I thought I could see that he liked one of them better than the other two, so I put that one away and sent the others back. This was Friday. Sunday was a very snowy day, but a party of men, S. M. Perry, John Porter and several others, had arranged to take the Colonel over the Moffat road, leaving early that morning. After breakfast, when he had his fur-lined cap and gloves, I brought out the coat and said: "Here is your overcoat, Dear." He put it on without a word, but smiled as only he could smile, and kissed me goodbye. The trip was a hard one, as the railroad ended at Yarmony, and the party rode in buckboards, through snow and cold, to the Oak Creek mines. They returned safely, however, and the Colonel said nothing would benefit Denver more than to have the road built. I asked about the weather they had found, and he said: "Cold and snowy." Then I said: "Did the other men have fur-lined coats?" He smiled and said: "Every one of them, but not one of them had so nice a one as mine."

CHAPTER XXV



GENERAL PALMER had his unfortunate accident in 1907. After that the Colonel and I went to Glen Eyrie almost every month to see him. The parties who had bought the Rio Grande Western made it a provision that General Palmer should sign a contract to have nothing further to do with building any railroad, but they exacted no such promise from the Colonel. The General was almost as much interested in raising the money and building the Moffat road to the mines and Steamboat Springs as was Colonel Dodge, though of course he put no money into it.

Each month as we made our week-end visit the General wished to know all that was being done on the road.

For a long time there had been a sign on the gate at Glen Eyrie: "No automobiles allowed." After purchasing a Franklin car the Colonel decided we would motor to Glen Eyrie. He telegraphed the General: "Shall motor to Colorado Springs Saturday and take a carriage from there to Glen Eyrie." The General replied: "Will have my man meet you with keys to open the gates from Pike View. Come that way if you are able to motor so far." After that we motored down almost every month in the year.

The General was never able to walk after his accident. He finally got an electric car and insisted he would not have a gas car. One afternoon when we were there his chauffeur told him there was something wrong with the electric, so it would not move. The Colonel at once offered to take the General for his usual ride, in our gas car. He had to be lifted in from a wheel chair by blankets, in which several men carried him. After the General and the Colonel were in the back seat of the car, and Oscar

was ready to start, Marjory Palmer appeared with a camera and said: "Wait! I want to take your picture." The General sat quietly, but said when the picture was taken: "I call that adding insult to injury." They had their ride, and the General told one of the nurses the next morning that he had had an unusually good night, and added: "You'd better not tell the Colonel or he will say it was the good effect of the fumes of the gasoline." Our week-end visits were always delightful. At dinner, at 8 p. m., the General usually sat in his wheeled chair at the head of the table. There were often ten or twelve guests. The conversation was instructive and entertaining.

After dinner the General was taken to his room and the rest of us had coffee in the drawing room. Later, one of his nurses would come and tell us the General wished to have us go to the Book hall. We found him before the large open fire, on a sort of bed-couch. He always wished Colonel Dodge to sit close to him, and these two remarkable men, who had spent over thirty years in railroad work together, talked, often until midnight, of the experiences they had had. Those who were privileged to listen often wished a stenographer were present to take down those talks, for they were part of the history of Colorado, Utah and Mexico and could not now be reproduced by those then present.

In March, 1909, the General failed rapidly, and we were called to Glen Eyrie on the 13th. We were alone with his daughters and the doctors when the end came.

The Denver and Rio Grande sent a special train to bear the remains to Denver, where they were cremated.

The officials of the Denver and Rio Grande and Colonel Dodge returned with the ashes, which were in an urn, covered by a small black box. The family and servants

from Glen Eyrie went to the train, and the tiny casket was placed in the General's brougham. Colonel Dodge and L. H. Myers, the General's son-in-law, occupied the brougham, and four Glen Eyrie carriages followed. There was no hearse, there were no black plumes, nothing to mark the passing of so great a man, but this was as he had wished.

The professors and students of Colorado College, for which the General had done so much, walked at either side of the carriages. The burial lot was covered with flowers and green from Glen Eyrie greenhouses. A short service was read by the Rector of St. Stephens, the black ribbons on top of the small casket were untied and the casket lowered by Mr. Myers and Colonel Dodge.

The General had spent seventy-four useful years doing wonderful things for Colorado, and had made a remarkable record in the war. He had borne his affliction like the soldier that he was. The passing of General Palmer was felt deeply by the Colonel, for he was his closest friend.

CHAPTER XXVI



HE work at the hotel and the ranch was continued by the Colonel. Though he always had a manager for the hotel and a foreman at the ranch, still all the accounts went through his office. He would walk quietly about the hotel with his right arm back of him, grasping his left elbow. Usually he said nothing, but he saw everything, and was constantly making changes in order to give comfort to the guests.

Several times each week he went to the ranch. His patience was wonderful. He never was able to find a good foreman. There was always some trouble. The trucks which brought the milk to the hotel were always needing repairs. He had two, and tried to have the one not in use kept in repair, but he said he never succeeded. When one was out of commission the other was also. Oscar is a natural mechanic, and he was often called before we were awake to go at once to the ranch to repair the separator or truck, or do something of the sort.

Colonel Dodge was himself a good mechanic, could do carpenter work, in fact could do almost any kind of work. He often spent a whole day at the ranch, and made a gate as well as any carpenter. He made most of the large gates on the ranch. He kept his surveying instruments at the ranch, and changed the crooked course of Bear Creek, making it straight as it flows through the ranch. Stumps of old cottonwood trees were pulled out with a stump-puller and many acres of land added to the place.

He had Jersey cattle at first, then changed to Holstein, and tried several kinds of pigs and chickens, but often some disease would appear, the men would quarrel, or something go wrong. He was most orderly, and I have seen him

walk quietly about the ranch for hours, picking up hammers, files, saws, all sorts of things, and putting them carefully where they belonged in the blacksmith shop. It seemed impossible for him to find anyone to do the work as he wished, yet he never scolded. When he decided a man was of no use he simply dismissed him with very few words.

With all his troubles on the ranch, I believe his work there prolonged his life, as it kept him much in the out-of-doors, and as he never did anything except for a purpose, he would not have taken the drives to the ranch had he not felt there was something to be done. He almost never drove for the sake of driving. His destination was usually the ranch, and he said he always found something that needed attention.

CHAPTER XXVII

N 1907-1908 the Colonel was made president of the Denver-Steamboat Construction Company, and S. H. Babcock assisted him and began work in completing the Moffat road to Steamboat Springs, but the Colonel went over the road many times that he might know the exact condition of the building and of the opening of the Oak Creek mines.

In the Pleasant Valley and Sunnyside mines in Utah, as well as the mines in Colorado, he had had much experience, so his supervision was of great value in the mines on the Moffat road.

In 1910 D. W. Brunton was president of the Institute of Mining Engineers, and he persuaded Colonel Dodge to accompany a party of the engineers to the Panama Canal, which was in process of construction. We left New York by steamer in October. There were about eighty men and forty ladies in the party. Our trip was a pleasant one. Lectures were given every afternoon in the cabin, so we knew something of the work in the Zone.

A day in Havana and one in Kingston were both greatly enjoyed. The men of the party were all men of marked ability. It was a delight to be a member of such a party.

When we arrived at Colon, Colonel Goethals met us and a special train awaited us. Colonel Dodge and I had taken seats in one of the coaches. Soon Mr. Brunton and Colonel Goethals came through our coach. Mr. Brunton introduced Colonel Goethals to us, and he said: "Come out on the back platform, Colonel Dodge, I want to show you the old road." There was no part of a train which the Colonel liked so well as the back platform. He had

ridden thousands of miles on back platforms, going over the lines of which he was general manager.

Colonel Goethals showed us that the dam at the mouth of the Chagres river was high enough to stop the water and make a lake twenty feet deep. He told us of some of the difficulties they were encountering, and by the time we had reached Ancon Colonel Dodge had learned many interesting things. We spent six days in the Zone, and Colonel Goethals went out three times each day with all of the party who wished to go. Colonel Hodges and Colonel Gorgas were often with us also.

Those were busy times in the Zone. Fifty-five steam shovels were at work in Culebra cut, and trains of dump cars were running north and south every five minutes, taking rock and earth to Gatun dam on the Atlantic side, and to the long breakwater on the Pacific side. The concrete locks were in process of construction. We dined several times at the eating houses with the men, and always found a bottle of quinine on each table. Every house and porch was screened, and the fine hospital at Ancon was in the best possible condition. Colonel Gorgas' work with regard to the health of the thousands of men was as important as that of Colonel Goethals, Colonel Hodges and the others. Colonel Dodge was usually at Colonel Goethals' elbow, and they became good friends.

The new road, which lies far up on the hills, was partly finished across the isthmus, but not surfaced up. Colonel Goethals took us over a part of it, however. One of the rains, so common on the Atlantic side, overtook us and it did seem rather dangerous, as nearly three inches of rain fell in about fifty-five minutes. We got down safely, however.

As we boarded the steamer at Colon on our return trip, each member of the party was presented with a beautifully polished mahogany cane. These had been made from the mahogany ties which were taken from the old road that had been laid across the isthmus in 1853. They surely will always be treasured by their owners. Our whole trip lasted about three weeks.

CHAPTER XXVIII

S SOON as we were at home again, Colonel Dodge was at work. He could never bear to be idle. He never rested at noon, but his evenings were always very quiet. He went to bed about 10 and was asleep about as soon as his head touched the pillow. He used to say he went to bed to sleep. He often woke at 6, and got up, reading his paper before our 7:30 breakfast, then he went at once to his office.

The affairs of the Moffat road were rather trying. He had hoped the road would pay, and as he had been instrumental in getting many of his friends to invest money in it, he was disappointed.

In 1911 he arranged to go with the mining engineers to Japan, and our reservations were made, but some business connected with the Moffat road required his presence in New York. All his life he had followed the call of duty instead of pleasure, and he gave up the journey to Japan at once. We returned from New York as soon as the business was finished, and started at once for San Francisco, and with the help of some of his railroad friends, got a room on the *Wilhelmina* and sailed in two days for Honolulu. We were greatly pleased with the wonderful beauty of flowers and trees in that "Paradise of the Pacific." We met our engineer friends on their way back from Japan and Mr. Dillingham, who owned the railroads on the island of Oahu, took the party all about.

The pineapple industry was just beginning in the islands, the sugar cane plantations were in fine condition, Pearl harbor was in process of construction.

The engineers had but one day in Honolulu. We had six, and with the six days each way on the steamer, we came back rather tired.

In 1912 Colonel Dodge was again called to New York on business for the Moffat road. I was ill, and for the first time unable to accompany him. His whole trip was unfortunate. He had a severe attack of indigestion in New York, and had both a doctor and a nurse with him all night. He insisted upon leaving New York at 4 the next afternoon, though he was too weak to do so. When he reached Chicago he met W. G. Evans, but learned that the man they wished to meet had changed his plans, so they returned the following night to New York. As soon as the business was finished the Colonel and Mr. Evans returned to Denver. I had had a letter from him each day, but he had not mentioned his illness. I was shocked when I saw him when he came home, as he was very pale. I asked what the trouble was and he said he had been ill in New York. In a week he had an attack of that painful disease, shingles. He was in bed four weeks, but really ill for three months. This, I believe, was the beginning of the end, though he insisted he was well. The doctor tried to persuade him to make a practice of resting after our noonday meal, but he almost never did so. Though past seventy-five, he did the work of a man of forty.

While he was still unable to leave his room, he and S. M. Perry were made Receivers of the Denver & Salt Lake Road (Moffat Road).

In 1913 we made a second trip to the Canal Zone. The locks were finished. Gatun lake was about seventy feet deep, and in the lake the tops of the trees, now dead from the water, showed, except where the channel was made, through which vessels were to pass on their own steam. Gatun dam was so overgrown with vegetation that it looked like a natural hill. Colonel Goethals was still in the Zone. He told of showing an Englishman about, and when they were on the dam the Englishman remarked:

"Nature has been very favorable to you in placing this hill here." He had not seen the hundreds of dump cars filling in the dam as we had done three years before. Slides were still troublesome in Culebra, now Gaillard cut, and hydraulic machines were at work washing down the sides of the hill, which were still too steep. The Good Book says: "If ye have faith and say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done." This was literally true of Culebra hill, which is now the channel through which the largest steamers pass. Probably the engineers thought that "Faith without works is dead," for there was no end of "works" in the cut.

There were far less men at work on the canal in 1913 than in 1910, but there was still dredging in the approach on the Pacific side, and Colonel Goethals kindly sent us in one of the U. S. launches to see one of the large dredges at work.

CHAPTER XXIX



FTER our return on this trip we never went to New York again, though we made a trip to California in 1915, and saw the World's fair, both in San Francisco and San Diego. After our return at that time there was no mention made of any more traveling. The question of the Moffat tunnel and fair freight rates kept the Colonel busy. The Rates case was ready to be presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington, but everyone was so busy with thoughts and plans for the World war that all the hard work which had been done by the Fair Freight Rates Association was put aside, much to the regret of those who had been so interested in it.

David Dodge, Jr., was one of the first six boys who were sent to France. Before he left his grandfather had a long talk with him. He finished by saying: "David, you are going on a dangerous mission from which you may never return. If you return, I may not be here, and I wish to say this to you. I have always been so interested and have spent so much time in public affairs that I have often neglected my own business, hence I have not so much money as many think I have, but I do not regret what I have done."

The two things he hoped to see finished were the Moffat tunnel and the Fair Freight Rates case for Colorado, but he was not spared to see these accomplished.

CHAPTER XXX



HOUGH so much time was given to the hotel work and supervision of the ranch, Colonel Dodge was really a railroad man. That was his great interest and his great joy. In that he excelled, and Colorado has had few such able railroad men as he.

He was always even-tempered and never profane, no matter what the provocation. I do, however, remember hearing him tell of the morning after the road had been turned back from the Santa Fe to the Denver and Rio Grande.

The train was made up and the Colonel stood in the door of the mail car. The wagon with the mail drove up, but the men hesitated about putting the mail onto the Denver and Rio Grande train. Quietly he stood with his watch in his hand. The men still waited. The time for the train to leave came. I imagine he was rather angry, as everything had been done in a legal manner. When the minute hand reached the appointed time he gave the signal to start, and said to the postal clerks: "Go to h—with your mail," and on went the train. This is the only time I ever heard of his using an oath, but his patience had been tried to the limit for months.

CHAPTER XXXI



HE last year of his life he was rather more quiet than usual. The war made everyone anxious. The Denver and Salt Lake road was always in trouble. The foreman at the ranch was worse than those he had had before. He seldom mentioned these things, but was grave, almost sad, though he never ceased to joke now and then and no one enjoyed a really funny story or joke more than he.

On June 8, 1918, there was a total eclipse of the sun, which should have been visible in Colorado. Colonel Dodge had always been much interested in astronomy, and had a good telescope, though he had never had time to make it a real study.

Early the morning of the 8th he took Oscar, and with the telescope, canvas, camp chairs and other things, went to the ranch. The two worked all the forenoon, which was bright and pleasant. They put up poles and drew the canvas to cover the top and the north and south sides, forming a sort of tent. This was on the high ground on the ranch back of, but not quite so high, as Loretto Academy.

They came home for dinner and with several friends, enough to fill two automobiles, we went out, about 3 p. m. A wind came up and clouds appeared. We were protected somewhat by the tent. Each looked through the telescope at the mountains, the ranch and surrounding country, but the sun was completely hidden. We took turns sitting in the few chairs and still hoped the sun might appear. It grew darker and darker. I looked through the telescope at the ranch, the creek, which had been made straight, the fields, etc., then I sat down in my husband's lap and put my arm around his neck. I said: "The place

looks very well." He answered: "It looks better than it is." I asked him what he intended to do with the solid rock on which we were sitting. He said: "I am going to make a reservoir here. The rock will hold water and it is high enough so that ditches can carry water, by gravity, to the whole of the lower part of the ranch."

I really believe he thought he had at least fifteen years more to live, but he was gone in a little more than a month.

He looked at his watch and saw that the time for the eclipse was past, so he said: "Oscar, put the telescope back into the case and get ready to take us home." No word of complaint or reference to the work they had done during the forenoon. Most men would surely have said something of their disappointment, but it was like him to accept such things without a word.

CHAPTER XXXII



E CAME home. That evening the Denver High School class of '98 had a reunion to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation. We were, as always, invited to be present, but for the first time in all the years my husband said he did not care to go, but wished me to do so. I had never been to any evening entertainment without him, but I told him I thought I would go to this. I knew the boys and girls and he did not, and I was sure he was tired. So I dressed, kissed him good night and left him reading.

When the old classes get together they stay rather late. I was the first to leave, and reached home about 11:30. I expected to find my tired husband in bed, but he met me at the door, and when I said I was sorry he had waited for me, he said: "Oh, I had plenty to read, and I did not wish to go to bed until I saw you were safely home."

We were up at the usual time the next morning and he was at work by 8 o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXIII



N THE first day of July, 1918, he persuaded Oscar and his family to move to the ranch, Oscar to take the place of foreman, and my brother, J. B. Smith, promised to do the superintending at the ranch. The former foreman had left and Oscar and his family were well settled, but we had been unable to get a chauffeur to take Oscar's place, so there were a few more things to be done than usual, at our home. The Colonel never seemed to think of himself as old, though he was nearly eighty-one, or to realize that he could not do anything he noticed that needed to be done.

On Sunday, July 14th, my brother went with us to the ranch. I remained at the house while the men went to the field so that my brother could be told about the location of the ditches, which were in tiles, underground. The two walked in the hot sun, and suddenly the Colonel had a severe attack of acute indigestion. It was some time before brother could see anyone to send to the barns for the car. Finally he saw a boy and called to him. The sick man was brought to the house and we got a doctor as soon as possible. He and I spent the night at the ranch, and he suffered greatly. The next morning he wished to come home, and the doctor said he might do so.

The three following days he did not seem to suffer greatly, and Thursday he seemed especially cheerful and talkative. That was the day when the allies won their first victory; a letter came from David, Jr. The Colonel insisted that he was strong enough to get up and attend to business, but I persuaded him to wait until he was stronger.

He told my brother of the Santa Fe fight and how they had sent guns to Pueblo in coffins. There were so many

coffins that people wondered if an epidemic had broken out in Pueblo. He added: "Do you know, Jim, it is easier to get a man to carry a gun than a shovel?" He read the extra papers about the allies' victory, and read and laughed over the cartoons.

His last words to me as I kissed him goodnight were a joke and the hope that I might sleep. I had not had a nurse until the night before, and had cared for him during the four days, so he said he knew I was tired.

The change came very suddenly, about 3 a. m. on the 19th, and when I was called he was unconscious, but lying as though asleep. We had none of us dreamed he would go so soon!

Thus passed a noble soul into the Great Beyond. He had passed four-score years and had gone, in four days, from what seemed excellent health.

His life had been full of good deeds and usefulness. He had always looked on both sides of every question, and if he heard severe criticism of anyone he mentioned some good quality to make the criticism less severe.

Quiet, reserved, modest to a degree seldom seen in a really great man, still he accomplished a remarkable amount of work. From the many clippings I found after he was gone, most of them with regard to the work he had done with General Palmer, or on the Moffat road, I have sometimes wondered if he felt his work was not really understood or appreciated. He was the "man on the job" always. Others came and went at their pleasure, but he stayed and finished the work.

Though but five years have passed since he was called away, his name is already forgotten by many. If this little sketch of his remarkable life is read and his work is

better understood by the present generation, it will be a pleasure to his friends who still remember him with love and admiration.

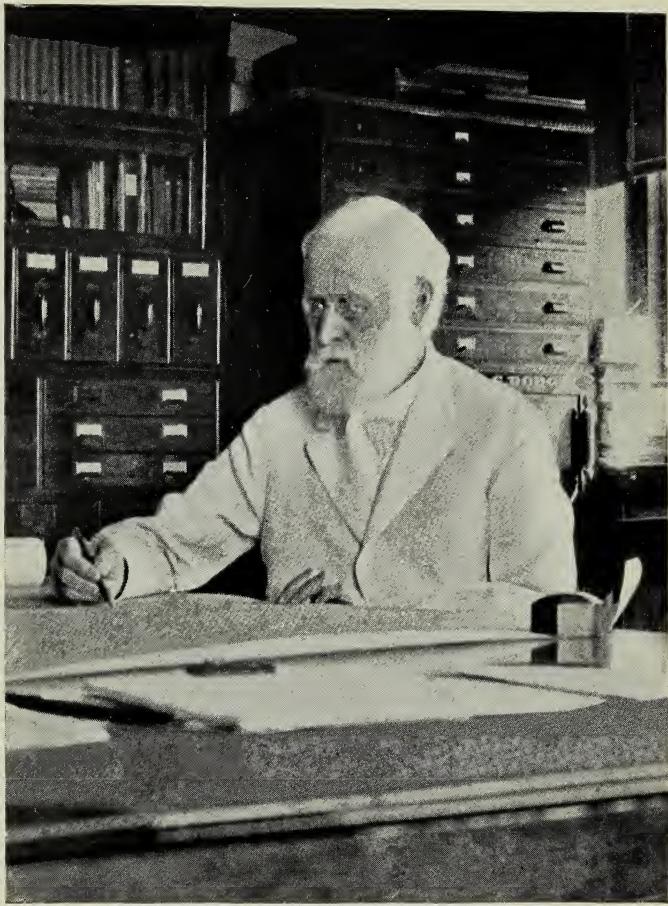
His ability was great, his desire always was to do his full duty, no matter how trying the work.

His boundless patience when everything seemed to be going wrong, his uniform kindness and helpfulness, all made him a friend who was loved by all those who knew him.

He worked for the upbuilding of Colorado to the last. It is not too much to say of him:

“His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’”

AN
INFORMAL
AUTOBIOGRAPHY



A T W O R K

AN INFORMAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This talk was given by Colonel Dodge in our home, at the request of Justice John H. Denison, March 10, 1918. A small club listened to the talk. Colonel Dodge sat, and used no notes. Unknown to him, I had his stenographer present. When the members of the club began asking questions she left, so the talk ends abruptly:



ARRIVED in Chicago the fore part of February, '53, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad between Cleveland and Chicago, having been completed only a few months before. One of Frink & Walker's stage coaches was stuck in the mud in front of the Tremont House.

The only railroad west of Chicago at that time was the Galena & Chicago Union railroad, which had just completed track-laying to Rockford, Illinois, a distance of about ninety miles. The first forty miles, from Chicago to Elgin, was laid with a strap rail.

I commenced railroad work on the Fox River Valley railroad, running from Elgin up the Fox River Valley to Richmond, Illinois. This was afterwards extended to Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. During the summer and winter of '55 I was engaged in surveying for railroads in Wisconsin. In the meantime the Galena & Chicago Union railroad had extended its line to the Mississippi river at Fulton, Illinois. From a point on the west bank of the Mississippi, about two miles below the town of Fulton, some Eastern parties had laid out a city which they named Clinton, and which they intended to be the eastern terminus of a railroad lying across the state of Iowa.

I went to Clinton in the spring of 1856, employed by the railroad building west from Clinton, which was called the

Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska, running from Clinton to Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The construction of this road during the year 1856 and the fore part of '57 was being pushed quite rapidly, when in the fall of '57 a great panic struck the western part of the United States and everything was at a standstill; but it was fully completed to Cedar Rapids in '59. In the meantime the Galena & Chicago Union railroad had been absorbed by the Chicago & Northwestern railway, and they commenced constructing west of Cedar Rapids.

In the fall of 1864 I left the quartermaster's office at Memphis, Tennessee, to take a position as terminal agent of the Chicago & Northwestern railway at Nevada, Iowa. While at Nevada A. C. Hunt, United States marshal of Colorado (afterwards governor of Colorado), arrived there with several prisoners en route to Detroit, Michigan. Upon his return he purchased several wagons, some groceries and other goods and shipped them to Nevada, where he outfitted for Colorado. While at Nevada he induced me to come to Colorado. I remember asking him the population of Denver, and he replied: "In '60 and '61 there were at least ten thousand people, and the place has been improving ever since." A month or two after he left with his outfit for Colorado, I resigned my position as terminal agent, and took a stage coach at Nevada for Des Moines, Iowa. At Des Moines I took a stage for Council Bluffs. Remaining a day or two at Council Bluffs and Omaha, I took another stage coach for Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, at which point we connected with Ben Holliday's Overland Stage Line, which ran from Atchison, via Denver and Salt Lake City, to Sacramento, California.

At Ft. Kearney, I remember when we were loading up the coach, adding the passengers who came from Omaha, I was number nine and there were ten of us. I was the last one

who could have a seat inside the coach, and number ten was very much put out and insisted that he must ride inside. At that time Ben Holliday ran an express messenger twice a week on his line between Atchison and Denver. For some reason, I hardly know why, unless it was because I was the youngest, he tapped me on the shoulder and said: "You get up on the outside and let this man ride on the inside." I did so. When we arrived at the stage station where we changed horses, about 8 o'clock in the evening, he laid a buffalo robe down on the top of the coach and said: "Get over there and lie down." I remember as I did so I hung on to the railing which ran around the top of the coach. He rapped me on the knuckles and said: "Let go of that." I said I would fall off. He replied: "The ground will catch you if you do." I rested quite comfortably until daylight.

When we changed horses at the station east of Julesburg the messenger said to me: "Get up; you have lain there long enough; I want to lie down." And just as we started to go he said: "Keep close watch here; it is the worst place for Indians on the whole line."

The second night the passenger who had caused me to sit on the outside wanted to change to the outside, but the messenger said, "No." Well, we came through to Denver without seeing any Indians and it was the easiest stage ride I ever had in my life.

When we arrived in Denver I found that Marshal Hunt had gone to New Mexico in search of some horse thieves, and looking around the town I was wondering what had become of the ten thousand people he had given me as the population in '60 and '61. Some people said they had gone to the mountains. They did have a census that fall, when they found thirty-five hundred of them. In relating this to some people a year or so afterward, I thought I had

a pretty good joke on the Marshal and was telling what he had reported as the number of people. They all agreed with him, but said the people had lived mostly in tents and wagons and a large share of them had gone back.

Transportation at that time was mostly done by horses, mules and ox teams. Some of the last work I did while agent at Nevada, Iowa, was to load over one hundred four to six-mule wagons with mining machinery for Colorado, Utah and Idaho. Nearly one hundred of the wagons loaded were for South Boulder, Colorado. It was brought here and a mill erected, but I think there was never an ounce of gold taken out. If you will look out the car window in passing Rollinsville on the Moffat road, you may see some of this machinery lying there now.

The mode of transportation, as I have said, was mostly by bull teams and prairie schooners. Freight from the Missouri river, Atchison, St. Joe and Omaha, averaged from 10 cents to 15 cents per pound. I have sold flour at \$24.00 per sack, and nails at 25 cents per pound. We had many wheatless days at that time. Speaking of wheat, we were just commencing to raise wheat in this state. The flour was almost as yellow as yellow cornmeal, on account of the alkali in the soil. The cooks found they did not need any soda in their biscuit. During the fall of '65 I paid 25 cents per pound for potatoes which I bought for winter use.

During the fall of 1867 I returned to railroading, and was appointed by the Chicago & Northwestern railway, general agent for Colorado and New Mexico.

The Union Pacific railroad was completed to North Platte, Nebraska, and the Chicago & Northwestern railway had been completed to Council Bluffs, making close connection with the Union Pacific. Prior to that time

nearly all the merchandise that came to Colorado was shipped from Atchison, St. Joe and St. Louis. When the railroad reached North Platte the firm of J. S. Brown & Bros. was the principal wholesale grocery house in Denver. Mr. J. S. Brown of that firm came to me one day and said he was going to Atchison and St. Louis to buy some goods. I asked him why he did not go to Chicago. He replied: "It is not the place to buy goods for Colorado," but promised to let me know before he left. A few days afterwards he said to me that he would leave the next morning for Atchison. I wrote two or three letters to Chicago merchants, and one to our general agent in Chicago. I took these letters to Mr. Brown and said: "Now go to St. Louis, St. Joe, etc., but before you buy your goods I want you to deliver these letters for me in Chicago." He said: "I am not going to Chicago." I said: "You go to Chicago, and if you do not buy at least half your goods there, I will pay your fare to Chicago and return to St. Louis." He replied that he thought it would be a good way to get a free ride, and agreed to deliver the letters. The next I heard of Mr. Brown, I received a letter from our general freight agent, saying: "Your friend Brown has been here and finds he can buy everything except sugar and syrup here, and I have reduced the rates on these articles so he can get everything here."

The Union Pacific completed their line to Cheyenne the following year, which reduced the rates from the Missouri river to Cheyenne, and the team haul being only about one hundred miles, it materially reduced the rate to Denver. This reduction was hard on Denver merchants for the first year, the difference being between fifteen cents and two cents per pound, which was a very great reduction for transportation.

The Union Pacific line was completed through to a connection with the Central Pacific in 1869. The Kansas

Pacific had reached Sheridan, Kansas, from Leavenworth and Kansas City. About that time Mr. James Archer, director of the Kansas Pacific railroad, came to Denver. Gen. B. M. Hughes went to the different merchants and told them Mr. Archer would be here in a couple of days and wanted to meet the merchants and business men and talk with them in regard to extending their road to Denver. He did not invite me, because I was agent for another road, but he did invite Mr. H. M. Porter, one of the firm of Stebbins & Porter, who was living with me at that time. The morning after the meeting, at the breakfast table, I asked Mr. Porter what Mr. Archer had said to them. He did not answer, but looked rather blue. I asked if he did not say anything, and he replied: "Yes, the first words he said were, 'God helps those who help themselves; if you want the Kansas Pacific railroad to come here, you must raise two million dollars.'" Everything was very dull in Denver at that time, a good many having gone to Cheyenne, and I do not know whether they could have raised two million cents.

Going down town that morning, I stopped at the Western Union Telegraph office and sent a message to Gen. G. M. Dodge at Omaha, who was chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, saying: "It is a good time to send somebody to Denver to talk railroad." I received an answer from him in the afternoon saying that George Francis Train would leave that evening for Denver. He came here and I notified the merchants there would be a meeting at Cole's Hall on Larimer street. When we reached the hall that evening there were perhaps twenty or twenty-five people, who were all seated at the back of the hall. Train had a blackboard on the platform. He said: "Come up here close, I want to talk to you." So the merchants all came up. He said: They tell me my friend Archer says you will have to raise two million dollars to secure a rail-

road. I will show you how you can make two million dollars and get a railroad besides." He figured it all out on his blackboard, and the next day the Denver Pacific Railroad company was organized, and they built the road. I guess they did make something out of it; perhaps not two million dollars, but I want to say that road was never operated a single day for the benefit of Denver, though the building of the Denver Pacific forced the Kansas Pacific to come to Denver. The Denver Pacific was completed in June. The Kansas Pacific reached Denver in October.

Gen. Wm. J. Palmer was manager of construction for the Kansas Pacific. During the construction the Denver Pacific and the Kansas Pacific practically went into partnership. While the two roads were operating under separate management, the Kansas Pacific dictated the policy and made very high freight rates from Cheyenne to Denver.

General Palmer, after completing the Kansas Pacific, in company with Gov. A. C. Hunt, organized a company called the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad company, to construct a line from Denver, Colorado, to El Paso, Texas, with numerous branches from different points into the mountains. The road was completed to Colorado Springs late in the fall of '71. On the 1st of January, 1872, General Palmer induced me to go to work with him on that road. We were together for thirty-one years. General Palmer did more to develop Colorado than any other man who ever came to the state.

The Santa Fe railroad was completed to Pueblo in '77. Shortly prior to the time they reached Pueblo, the Denver & Rio Grande had laid a third rail from Denver to Pueblo and hauled the Santa Fe trains on their arrival at Pueblo through to Denver. At that time the Denver and Rio Grande was completed to Canon City; to El Moro, about

five miles from Trinidad, and to Alamosa in the San Luis Valley. Shortly after, the Santa Fe commenced constructing a line from La Junta by way of Trinidad and Albuquerque, New Mexico, through to California. Their line passed through Trinidad and the Raton pass, which was the same as surveyed by the Denver and Rio Grande through the same pass. This caused a contest between the two companies, and in order to settle their differences the Santa Fe made a proposition, which was accepted by General Palmer and the directors of the Denver and Rio Grande, but after it was accepted the Santa Fe backed out, saying they found that under the law they had no right to accept it.

The Santa Fe then proposed to lease the completed portion of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. In making up that lease, it was not a contract entered into between two friendly parties, but each company tried in every way possible to take advantage of the other, and get everything into the lease that would protect its own interest. This was the kind of lease which was drawn up.

The Santa Fe took possession in December, '78. At the request of General Palmer and W. B. Strong, president of the Santa Fe, I remained in charge until the Santa Fe could find someone else to manage the road. The day after the Santa Fe took possession, W. B. Strong came to Denver and I asked him for instructions. The first instruction he wanted carried out I told him was in violation of the lease. He said: "No." I said: "All right, I will do it, but it is in violation of the lease." Another instruction was to raise the rate from Denver to Pueblo to practically the same rate as that from Kansas City to Pueblo. I said to him: "That is another violation of the lease." He naturally thought I was not a very good Santa Fe man. He afterwards stated to me that he had nothing to do with the making of that lease, and had not been consulted regarding it.

After a couple of months I resigned and a short time afterward renewed my connection with the Denver and Rio Grande. As the Santa Fe had violated the lease in several particulars, on advice of Lyman K. Bass, attorney, formerly of Buffalo, New York, we asked a state court for an injunction to stop the Santa Fe operating the Denver and Rio Grande road, on the ground that there was no law in Colorado which permitted a foreign railroad company to operate railroads within the state. In the meantime, a citizen of Canon City organized what was called the Canon City & San Juan railroad, to construct a railroad from Canon City to a point twenty miles above Canon City through what is called the Royal Gorge. That charter was turned over to the Santa Fe road and they immediately put a force of men at work in the canon. The Denver and Rio Grande had done some work in the canon two or three years prior to that time.

The case was taken into the United States district court and was decided by Judge Moses Hallett in favor of the Santa Fe, and under the protection of that court, the Santa Fe constructed the road through the canon. In the meantime the case was appealed to the supreme court of the United States, which reversed Judge Hallett and said the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad company had the prior right.

When the Santa Fe reached the end of the twenty miles with their track, the Denver and Rio Grande had a force of men who stopped their laying track any further. Justice Miller of the supreme court came to Colorado to hear the case.

The Santa Fe drew up a very strong affidavit, which maintained that the Denver and Rio Grande was doing several unlawful acts, and among other things was, with an armed force, stopping a public improvement in the

canon. Mr. Bass, who was a very capable lawyer, when he replied to the charge and Judge Miller asked him what defense he had to make to such "outrageous proceedings," said: "Your Honor, the supreme court of the United States, of which you were one of the assenting judges, has said that this canon belongs to the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. If it does, they have a right to protect it, even with the use of arms." Judge Miller stopped Mr. Bass, and turning to Judge Hallett asked him to adjourn court. He came into court the next morning and admitted that he had been mistaken; that he supposed the case only covered the Royal Gorge, but found upon re-reading that it not only covered the Royal Gorge, but all the other canons in the Rocky mountains.

Prior to the hearing of this case, Judge Bowen, of the southwest district court of the state, granted our application enjoining the Santa Fe from operating the Denver & Rio Grande road. The Santa Fe agent, in collusion with some county official, had carried away the seal so that it could not be used on the injunction. Upon being advised by telegram I at once went to a novelty shop to order a seal made. As I came to the door I saw a Santa Fe official sitting there, so I went to West Denver to a man whom I knew, who did such work. I found him busy, and asked him if it would be possible for him to give up his work and make a seal to be ready that afternoon. By some persuasion and an offer of double the price he was to get for what he was making, I got his promise to deliver me the seal at the time I wished. The next morning, Sunday, Governor Hunt's youngest son, Bruce, was entrusted with the seal, and with two men who might protect him in case he were attacked, started on the Denver and Rio Grande train for Alamosa. A number of ponies were placed at points between Denver and Alamosa, so that, in case of Bruce's errand being suspected and the train stopped, he might finish his journey on horseback. That was a rather

anxious Sunday for me, but all went well and messenger and seal arrived in Alamosa at 10 o'clock that night. The injunction was issued and copies of it left Alamosa the next morning on the regular train to be distributed to the different counties through which the road ran. It arrived in Denver at 10 o'clock in the evening. The deputy sheriff wished to consult his attorney before he would consent to serve the papers. After doing so, he said they were all right and he would serve the injunction the next day, which he did.

We found the employes at the freight and passenger stations made no objection; the same at Burnham in regard to the shops, and they were immediately re-employed by the Denver and Rio Grande.

The lease provided that we could take possession of the road at any time the lease was violated. Of course, it was understood that we had no right to use violence to get possession and the Santa Fe could not show that we used violence, except at the dispatcher's office at Pueblo. There it was unnecessary to have had any violence used, as we could have established our own office and cut their office out, but the Denver and Rio Grande men at that point seemed to lose control of themselves, and I think probably they forced the operator to leave.

A few days before we took possession of the road, the Santa Fe official at Colorado Springs and Pueblo represented to Governor Pitkin that the Denver and Rio Grande was using violence at Colorado Springs and Canon City coal mines and the governor called out the Chaffee Light Artillery and another company that had been organized here, but when they found that it was against the Denver and Rio Grande they were expected to act, they immediately disbanded and went home. The truth is, there was no violence whatever at either of these points.

Returning to the question of transportation, when General Palmer and his associates extended the Denver and Rio Grande railroad to Utah we found several valleys in western Colorado that we thought would be a benefit, not only to the railroad company but to the state of Colorado, and we made rates to induce people to settle in those valleys. During this time I received a letter from the general freight agent of the Union Pacific railway, in which he said we were making a great mistake in settling up the valleys of western Colorado; that it would be better to haul all freight from Kansas and Nebraska. This seemed so ridiculous to me that I did not answer the letter.

Shortly afterwards I received a letter from General Palmer enclosing a letter from the president of the Union Pacific, in which he took the same stand and said the directors of the Union Pacific thought it a serious matter and had asked him to write this letter to General Palmer. I remember I endorsed on the letter: "If their theory is correct, a railroad through a desert should be the best paying road in the country," and returned it to General Palmer. He replied that we would continue our policy of settling up the valleys.

The position taken by the Union Pacific officials is the policy they have continued to pursue until within the last few years. They continued to discriminate against all local business, especially in Colorado and Utah. This discrimination is not confined to the Union Pacific, but is practiced by all other railways into and through Colorado. For example: if an individual or a merchant or merchants of Denver wishes to ship a box to Pueblo, the railways will charge them more than double what they would if the shipment came from a person living in Omaha.

General Palmer and his associates built the Pueblo Steel Works. In his prospectus to raise the money for that

purpose, he outlined that the investor would have a protection of \$1.25 per hundred on the product of the Steel Works. He referred the prospectus to me for criticism. I remember I crossed out the dollar and left the twenty-five cents. He asked me why, and I replied that as soon as he made a bar of iron or steel, the railroad would make a rate of 25 cents. They built the Steel Works and for twelve years the railroads made a rate from Pueblo to the Pacific coast 20% higher than the rate was from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to the same point. That discrimination continued until Rockefeller and other Eastern parties secured the control of the property, when the railroads reduced their rate from Pueblo to the coast, even giving them less than a proportionate rate.

We had a cotton mill in Denver, and although the product cost no more than that of several factories in New England, as soon as the cotton mill produced any goods, the rate from Denver to the Pacific coast was 25% higher than from New England. This discrimination bankrupted the company.

A paper mill was erected here in Denver and was treated the same way. When the mill was ready to manufacture, an Eastern paper company sent an agent here and put the price at cost. An agent of the Santa Fe railroad accompanied him and made a freight rate less than cost to haul, and with the newspapers, agreed to take the freight in advertising. The mill never started and the man who built it committed suicide. As the contract with the newspapers only ran six months, the railroads immediately restored the rates when they had no prospect of competition.

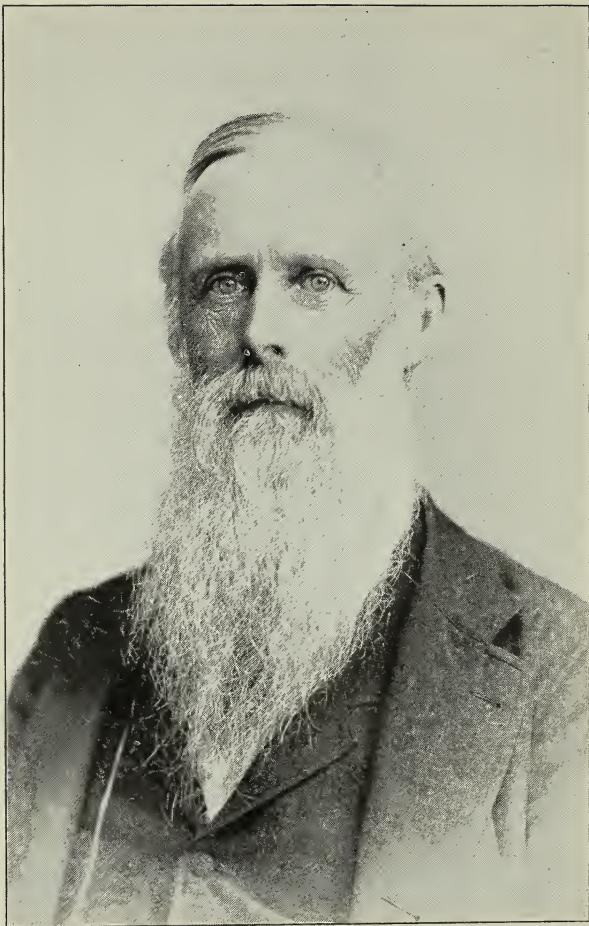
In the year 1908 a committee came to Denver and employed Mr. S. H. Babcock to take up a case against the railroads in Utah. As Mr. Babcock had always been in

the employ of railroads, he did not want to take the case, but upon my suggestion, he decided to do so. I mention this case for the reason that it was the first case before the Interstate Commerce Commission in which the people, and not especially the shippers, were back of the proceedings. The railroads, as well as the principal merchants, always claimed that the people had no interest in the question of freight rates. Before they got through with this case they found that the consumers were the real parties interested, and that they, in fact, paid the freight bill.

The merchant cares very little what the freight rates are, provided each one can get it for less than his neighbor. With this Utah case there were eighteen other cases before the commission at that time. It was the only one of the nineteen cases that the commission granted the relief asked for.

Colorado is in the same position that Utah was at the commencement of this case. When the Colorado Fair Rates Association commenced its suit, the principal opposition was from the merchants of Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. They did not treat the people of Colorado fairly, and they did not wish the railroads to do so, either.

CHRONOLOGY



D. C. Dickey

CHRONOLOGY

CHAPTER I

 AVID CHILD DODGE was born on a farm in Shirley township, Massachusetts, November 17, 1837. He was the youngest of a family of six children. Two brothers, Richard and William Dodge, came from England to Salem, Massachusetts, about 1638. From them are descended almost all the Dodges in America. David C. Dodge was a descendent of Richard.

Colonel Dodge's mother was Susanna Woolley, a descendant of the Bentleys. His maternal great-grandfather, Joshua Bentley, was one of the two men who rowed Paul Revere across the Charles river on the night of the famous ride, in 1775. His great-uncle was Dr. William Bentley, a noted scholar and linguist, a Unitarian minister of Salem, Massachusetts.

At three years of age David C. Dodge began attending a country school, taught by his oldest sister. Later he helped with the farm work when not in school. He attended Lawrence Academy in Groton, Massachusetts. His favorite studies were mathematics and physics. At the age of fifteen years and three months he left school, but had done his work so well that he had a good knowledge of algebra, geometry, trigonometry and theoretical surveying, all of which he used later in his railroad work.

Colonel Dodge began railroad work in February, 1853, on what is now a branch line of the Chicago & Northwestern railway system in Illinois. From 1856 to 1864 he worked in the construction of the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska railroad, now a part of the main line of the Chicago & Northwestern railway from Chicago to Omaha.

In January, 1864, he was sent to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and spent several months in the commissary department of the United States army during the Civil war. From June until October, 1864, he was in the quartermaster's department at Memphis, Tennessee. Here he barely escaped being taken prisoner when the house in which he was quartered was raided by the Confederate General Forrest's cavalry.

Returning to Iowa in October, 1864, he became general agent for the Chicago & Northwestern railway at Nevada, Iowa. Nevada was at that time the terminus of the road. Later when the road was completed to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the Union Pacific railroad had reached North Platte, Nebraska, he was made general agent for the Northwestern railway for Colorado and New Mexico, with headquarters in Denver.

CHAPTER II



EGARDING the history of the next twenty years, may be quoted an editorial in the *Rocky Mountain News*, June 25, 1901:

"On Sunday next, June 30th, Col. D. C. Dodge will retire from the active management of the Rio Grande Western, and perhaps from all future active railroad work. His long, honorable and successful connection with railroading in this state and Utah calls for an appropriate acknowledgment on the occasion of his retirement.

"In 1870, when the Kansas Pacific was completed to Denver, Colonel Dodge became the general western agent of the road. When the Denver and Rio Grande was completed and opened to traffic to Colorado Springs in 1871 he became its first general freight and ticket agent. This position brought him into association with Gen. William J. Palmer, then president of the Rio Grande. The two men became fast friends—personal and in business. To this personal partnership, if such it may be termed, General Palmer brought financial sagacity and ability, and Colonel Dodge a practical knowledge of the details of railroading, and rare executive capacity. These two men constructed the Rio Grande system, extended it to Ogden and made it an influential factor in the development of Colorado and the West, as well as in transcontinental business. Colonel Dodge became its general manager.

"The events which led to the overthrow of the Palmer-Dodge management of the Denver and Rio Grande need not be reviewed, but they succeeded in retaining the Rio Grande Western, and in making it one of the best paying railroads in the West, Colonel Dodge being continuously

its vice-president and general manager. Its sale to the Denver and Rio Grande and the consolidation of the two roads relieves Colonel Dodge from his official duties. With one or both lines he has been continuously connected for thirty years.

"The construction of the Rio Grande required financial nerve, daring enterprise, and unbounded confidence in the future of the Rocky mountain country. Its operation required the very highest qualities of executive control, and a policy which looked to the creation of traffic by encouraging the development of natural resources, the establishment of industries and the building up of the country tributary to the system. To these ends Colonel Dodge's management was especially directed, and the road became a factor in the progress and growth of the state. It was a wise, liberal, progressive policy, and one that his successors will do well to imitate. As he lays down the burden of thirty years, let due credit be given him for what he has accomplished for Colorado and Utah. As a railway manager in all of its departments, he probably has equals, but certainly no superiors. He retires with a just and well-earned fame, and whatever may be the future of this great property, under managements yet to come, no reference can ever be made to its history without a tribute to the creative genius, the practical knowledge, the cool, unbiased judgment and splendid executive capacity of David C. Dodge."

CHAPTER III



ROM 1885 to 1888 Colonel Dodge spent most of his time in Mexico, holding the position of second vice-president and general manager of the Mexican National railroad. Gen. W. J. Palmer was at that time president of the Mexican National. The road extended from the City of Mexico north to San Miguel and south from Corpus Christi via Laredo to Saltillo. During these three years the country was surveyed and contracts were let for building the road from Saltillo to San Miguel. This and the branch to Lake Patzquaro were built while Colonel Dodge was in Mexico. This road, like the Denver and Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western, was a narrow gauge road. When the link was completed the Mexican National became one of the two trunk lines between the United States border and the City of Mexico.

In 1888 Colonel Dodge resigned his position with the Mexican National, but continued the management of the Rio Grande Western railway in Utah and commenced the work of improving and standard-gauging the track between Grand Junction, Colorado, and Ogden, Utah. The work was completed and standard-gauge trains began running between these points in June, 1890. Colonel Dodge and General Palmer were associated in railroad building from 1872 to 1901, and were fast friends until the time of General Palmer's death in March, 1909."

A Denver newspaper of June 29, 1901, had the following, in which Gen. Frank Hall is quoted:

"Colonel Dodge is one of the really great figures in the history of Colorado. Today he retires from the Rio Grande Western railway with which his name and fame

have been connected ever since the road was built. The retirement of such a man as Colonel Dodge should not be permitted to pass without some fitting recognition of it, and it is eminently proper that that recognition should come from the pen of Frank Hall, himself a commonwealth builder and author of a history of Colorado. It follows:

“ ‘When I first knew Colonel Dodge he was a railway agent 600 miles from any railway station. Yet he was doing business right along with the residents of Denver, through a line of prairie schooners propelled by Mexican bull-whackers with long whip-lashes that cracked like pistol shots and at every explosion tore more or less hide and hair from the helpless cattle which, though slow of movement, were doing their level best to get there.

“ ‘Away up in the hills, at Central City, in the old Register office, there is an imposing marble stone originally intended for a graveyard, that one of Colonel Dodge’s trains brought out from the river. That’s one of our mutual reminiscences. It was a good stone and Dodge charged me a good round price for toting it. I have always felt that there should be a rebate coming, but it has never come.

“ ‘Denver was a little bit of a frontier town then, with hopes for the future, which like its cattle train, materialized slowly. Every man knew every other man. I met every day this railway agent without a railway and sometimes stopped to talk with him. His hair and long beard, which extended down to his waist belt, were black as jet in those days. You will notice the difference in his photograph of today. No man in Denver gave forth a more fascinating smile or talked in softer tones than D. C. Dodge, yet I confidently challenge any newspaper man living to say that he ever got an interview with him that told anything he wanted to know.

" Looking back over the thirty-five years in Colorado and then at the event of his retirement from the Rio Grande Western today, there is a feeling that the two railway systems which he, in a large degree created, and with which he was the director general from their inception, ought to rise up in protest, since the ruling spirit has gone out. Let us take a brief glance at his career.

" Born in Massachusetts, he began railway engineering at the age of fifteen on the old Fox River Valley road at Elgin, Illinois, thence to the general freight and passenger agency of the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska in 1856. Then for a year or so he was in General Grant's army as commissary at Chattanooga, and later in the quartermaster's office at Memphis. In October, 1864, he was made general agent of the Chicago & Northwestern at its western terminus, and in June, 1865, he came to Denver to capture what business he could here and in New Mexico. When in 1870 the Kansas Pacific was completed to this city he stepped again into active railroading, his natural element. General Palmer appointed him general freight and passenger agent of the Denver and Rio Grande January 1, 1872, just after its completion to Colorado Springs, and then being built towards Pueblo and the southwest.

" In 1878-1879 came the bitter conflict between the Rio Grande and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe under W. B. Strong, when there was a mighty clash of forces over the possession of the little, narrow gateway of the Arkansas in the Grand canon.

" Forts were built, filled with armed men, and there was shooting, confusion, strife and warlike movements on every side. Dodge was general manager, and one may rest assured that he managed things, in that long and memorable struggle, one of the greatest that ever occurred on the western frontier, with consummate skill and force.

The story is too long for an ordinary press article, but its echoes resounded throughout the world of finance, for countless millions were involved. While Dodge never aimed a gun in that series of battles, his vast executive power was felt at every turn, and best of all, terminated victoriously for the Rio Grande.

" At the time he assumed charge of the road its entire equipment consisted of 12 locomotives—little bits of things—some of which may now be seen peacefully sleeping upon rusted rails way out beyond the machine shops at Burnham station; 7 little narrow gauge passenger cars; 4 combined baggage, mail and express cars; 4 open observation cars; 208 freight cars; 21 hand and push cars, and 2 old-fashioned snow plows. That was all it had, but it was sufficient for the period. It was a little toy outfit which a crowd of hoodlum boys might easily have run away with. The total tonnage of the road for 1872 (exclusive of construction material) was 36,272 tons; the number of passenger fares collected for the year was 25,158. But even that amount of business was considered phenomenal compared with the old A. Jacobs stage line and the superseded wagon trains. It afforded material for the newspapers to whoop up things over the prospective greatness of Colorado, just as they now do over less important events.

" From first to last Colonel Dodge was the devoted friend and forceful coadjutor of Gen. William J. Palmer, whose plans embraced a scheme calculated to forever dominate the commerce of the entire Rocky mountains in the West and Southwest, the Union Pacific having appropriated the northerly division.

" His purpose was to build branches to every town and mining camp whose mines or other resources gave promise of richness and permanency, and to build so swiftly as to

deter ambitious rivals from invading his field, and to make the Rio Grande the controlling factor, not in local affairs alone, but also ultimately in transcontinental traffic. It was a sublime conception, showing marvelous courage, sweeping comprehensiveness, the dash and daring of this remarkable leader of men. Better than all, both he and Dodge have lived to witness its consummation in fullest measure.

" 'In all his list of adherents, and there were mighty men among them, there was no man for whom Palmer entertained more profound regard, in whom he reposed greater confidence, than D. C. Dodge, for he was a faithful, rigidly honest, far-sighted and thoroughly capable administrator of his affairs, constantly watching every movement of his adversaries, anticipating every need, supervising every detail of management and construction. In the old days which tried men's souls to the uttermost, the amount of labor he performed was prodigious. He rested neither by night nor by day so long as important work was required of him.

" 'It will be a strange thing for those who have known D. C. Dodge through all the better, grander years of his well spent life, to meet him without a railroad in his pocket, for he has so long been the embodiment of much that is greatest in our civilization and progress. Whether he retires for good to devote his remaining years to other pursuits, we do not know, for one might as well tackle the sphinx of Egypt for information of what it is going to do as this tall, stately, white-haired king of railroaders, known from Maine to San Francisco as one of the great masters of trade. But whatever his line of future conduct, all who know him will cheerfully accord him their best wishes of success, and none more cordially than the writer of this sketch.' "

CHAPTER IV



ETWEEN 1901 and 1907 Colonel Dodge was connected with no railroad work. He was, however, not idle. With faith in the West, he invested his money in Western enterprises.

He was personally interested in the construction of the Great Western Sugar Company Plant in Loveland, Colorado, the Western Packing Company plant near Denver, the Denver Union Water Company plant, and built the Shirley hotel in Denver.

In 1907 D. H. Moffat and his associates connected with the Denver and Northwestern railway persuaded Colone Dodge to form a syndicate for the purpose of extending the Moffat road from Yarmony to Steamboat Springs, in order to open up the rich farming and coal country in Routt county, in northwestern Colorado. Colonel Dodge reluctantly accepted the presidency of the Denver-Steamboat Construction company and returned to railroad building. With his usual energy he directed the work and completed the road as far as Steamboat Springs in January, 1909.

The *Denver Republican* of May 24, 1911, said: "Colonel David Child Dodge of this city has shown the way. He has donned his armor again, he is in charge of the operations of the Moffat road, an institution which means so much to Denver and in a lesser degree to other parts of Colorado. Colonel Dodge is an empire builder; he had done so well for Colorado that all of Colorado conceded him a period of rest; but he was needed for active service and he responded with a will to the call. His example should be encouragement to the younger generation of men. Colonel Dodge was entitled to a halcyon period. He had been in the harness for nearly half a century,

almost all of that time in the railroad business, beginning in the early '50s as a chainman in an engineering corps and mounting to the top rung of the railroad ladder. From the material viewpoint Colonel Dodge prospered and only the call of duty required him to volunteer at this time. But the death of David H. Moffat, before the latter's great work was completed, required that a leader among men, trusted by his community, should come forward and take up the work. No better choice could have been made than in placing Colonel Dodge in active control of Moffat road operations. He took part in the construction of the principal roads in this state and he lived to see them prosper under conditions which no longer prevail in the railroad and economic world.

"For years past Colonel Dodge has been the head and front of a movement to secure fair treatment for this state from the great railroad combinations in New York. He was the first to recognize that Colorado must deal differently with the railroad situation from what was the rule under the old regime. As a railroad expert he knows how much Colorado has suffered and is suffering at the hands of the foreign combinations.

"All Denver, without respect to past differences or alliances, must get behind Colonel Dodge and the patriotic citizens who have subscribed so liberally to maintain the Moffat road as a local institution. Denver must work out its own salvation. From the railroad standpoint just now it is on a sidetrack. The state at large is the worst served state in the Union. Millions a year are lost through the refusal of the trunk line combinations to repair and extend their tracks, to say nothing of the combined refusal to put Denver on the main line.

"The Moffat road is the key to the situation."

CHAPTER V



OLONEL DODGE'S strength of character, his broad views on all subjects, his unbiased judgment and uniform kindness, made him a power wherever he was known. The sacrifices he made in connection with his railroad work were many. Long horseback rides in all sorts of weather, over new country, seeking the best lines for railroads in Iowa, Colorado, Utah and Mexico, were a great tax on his strength, but he never considered the fatigue which such work occasioned. He always gave up any social affair or pleasure trip if business required his attention and would seldom make plans, even for a week ahead, as he said he could never tell what might be required of him.

During the so-called "Santa Fe Fight" he was on the alert night as well as day, to see that everything possible was done to save the Royal Gorge for the state of Colorado and the Denver and Rio Grande road. His hair grew gray rapidly during those trying times and cipher messages were coming and going constantly that he might be kept informed of every move of "the enemy."

His home life was ideal. Although he cared nothing for fashionable society, he loved his friends and they were always welcome in his home. He was a great reader and found much pleasure in informing himself on a wide range of subjects and in having the best books about him.

He traveled extensively and intelligently. He visited every state in the Union as well as most of the states in Mexico. He also traveled in Europe, Hawaii, the Canal Zone and the West Indies.

In summing up Colonel Dodge's character one must not forget his spotless integrity, his business ability, his

loyalty to his friends even when others had repudiated them, his hatred of sham, his utter contempt of criticism when he knew he was treading the right path. Helpful, public-spirited, modest to a degree seldom found, his advice was sought by men in the highest positions as well as by those in the most lowly walks of life. It was given as willingly to the one class as to the other.

Quiet, undemonstrative, genuine, always listening to both sides of a question before passing judgment, one can truly say of him, such men as he make a nation great.

Most of the above was written in 1910, but never published.

After that time Colonel Dodge was active in looking after his own business, but the two things he especially wished to see finished were the Moffat tunnel and the establishment of fair freight rates for Colorado.

He had a clearer vision than most men and saw farther into the future. He was unselfish enough to sacrifice his own interests to the good of the state.

During the last year of his life, when the war made it impossible to go further with the Fair Freights case, and others had become discouraged about the tunnel, he too was at times depressed, because with his eighty-one years he was unable to accomplish more for these two enterprises.

His spirit passed to the Great Unknown July 19, 1918, at 3 a. m.

In going over his papers his lawyers and family were astounded at the infinite pains and wonderful attention to details he had given to all his work. He accomplished an

enormous amount of work and did it so quietly that even now many do not realize that the Denver and Rio Grande railway and Rio Grande Western, with all their branches, might never have been completed but for his steady, hard, untiring work, and that the Moffat road might still extend only to Yarmony, and that the wonderful coal mines of Routt county might not yet have been reached.

